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For Russell and Mabel Parish -  
with affection  
H. V. B. H.

April 17- 1953-



*Roots*  
&  
*Branches*

HARRIET VIRGINIA BAKER HYDE

JANUARY 1953

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1827242

To

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

NIECES AND NEPHEWS

*"It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended,  
but the glory belongs to our ancestors."*

PLUTARCH'S "*Morals*".

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# About the Cape

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In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, with thirty-two men, had landed on a headland of the western continent which they named Cape Cod from the fish found thereabouts. This was the first English name given to any spot in that part of America, and so far as known, these were the first Englishmen that ever set foot there.

In 1614, Captain John Smith explored the coast from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod and, thinking it a country of such extent and importance as to deserve a name of its own, christened it New England. On returning to England, Captain Smith made a very good map of the coast and dotted it with English names approved by Prince Charles. Of these names Cape Elizabeth, Cape Ann, the Charles River, Plymouth, remain where Smith placed them.

In his *Cape Cod* published in 1865, Thoreau gave this geographic outline of Cape Cod: "It is a bared and bent arm of Massachusetts. The shoulder is at Buzzard's Bay; the crazy bone or elbow at Mallebarre; the wrist—Truro, and the sandy fist—Provincetown, behind which the State stands on her guard with her back to the Green Mountains and her feet planted on the floor of the ocean like an athlete protecting our Bay."

During two centuries of hardships and privations, sickness and death, incident to the opening of the wilderness to habitation, a way of life under new laws and physical conditions was established; wars against the Indians and French and the Mother Country fought and won; secular and religious education encouraged and established; financial independence achieved, first by the Colony, then by the State and individual—commerce with other nations acquired in a large degree through the efforts of the ship-builders and shipmasters of the Cape. As late as 1837, one hundred and fifty masters from Dennis alone were sailing from various ports in the nation.

The contacts and experiences of these men were bound to develop and broaden their view and so bring a certain richness into the lives of their families that would otherwise have been quite restricted.

H. C. Kittredge, in his *Cape Cod, Its People and Their History*, considered that "every captain was in a real sense his country's ambassador" in the early days, when we were an unknown people, with the world before us to antagonize or conciliate and with no one but our ship masters to represent us. In fact, "by displaying the finest sailing vessels that had ever been launched, they did more for the nation's prestige than many of its presidents and created a respect for our flag that could not have been achieved by an army of polished ambassadors."

Joseph C. Lincoln, in his foreword to *Ships and Waters*, wrote: "If you are a lover of the sea, you love also the ships and men who sail upon it. You thrill to the romance of the old clipper ships and a tall sea yarn is always a joy."

Handling these ships was ticklish business, requiring far more dexterity and experience than was needful for the stalwart round-bottomed craft in which many of these navigators received their early training.

"The old clipper ship days were jolly  
When we sailed the seven seas,  
And the house flags of our merchant ships  
Were whipped by every breeze.

It was good-bye to your mother  
And the pretty girl on the shore  
For we are off around the heaving Horn,  
Bound for Singapore."

In 1776, on account of the war, salt was very expensive and difficult to secure. Captain John Sears of Sesuit Neck started the first plant in the country to obtain pure marine salt by solar evaporation alone, so originating an industry which was very profitable for many years.

Cultivating cranberries, which were indigenous to the soil, became and has continued to be one of the most profitable agricultural industries on the Cape to the present day. The native Indian made much of the cranberry. He roasted the unripe berries and used them as a poultice, believing they would draw the venom from the wound of poisoned arrows. His squaw made a jelly of the ripened berries, thus anticipating our cranberry



sauce. In 1677 ten barrels went as a present to King Charles II of England. The first successful cranberry distributor was Mr. Henry Hall of Dennis.

The social life of the Cape to a great extent centered about the Church, the women always doing their full share toward its maintenance and the clergyman's salary. They gathered at each other's houses, in fact do to this day in groups variously known as the Sewing Circle, The Ladies' Aid, Women's Society, etc. Before there was ease of travel, telephone, radio, or even newspapers, gossip and items of interest were disseminated by members of these groups. Also there were "singing clubs" and gatherings for dramatic readings. I, personally, know of one Social Club that for over a hundred years has given an annual community dance, where square dances well "called" were the favorite. The home coming of a husband or brother from a long voyage, would be the cause of an outbreak of festivities, starting with a great family dinner.

The plan of the first simple Cape Cod house, presumably by Sir Christopher Wren, was brought from England. Originally the greater number of them faced due south. For a long period there was a scarcity of clocks among the early settlers and sundials were cut upon the sill of a south window. As more and more treasures were brought home from foreign countries and there was a greater degree of elasticity in the family budget, the more pretentious homes were erected.

Transportation was largely by water packets, run at frequent intervals to Boston. In 1849 when Thoreau made his first tour of Cape Cod by stage coach and on foot, he was much interested in the fact "that every high eminence had a pole set up on it with an old sail or storm coat hung on it for a signal, that those on the south side for instance, might know when the Boston packet had arrived on the north."

The Cape Cod railroad did not run beyond Sandwich until after 1865. Some time later there was the greatest excitement as to whether it should be extended to Provincetown, a distance of about 65 miles. But evidently the idea of extension of traffic by rail was not popular.

Mr. H. T. N. Stine was the author of a *Rhymster's Dream* which was first delivered after a supper meeting called for discussion of the proposed extension of the Cape Cod Railroad to Provincetown. This delightful poem follows.

## *Rhymster's Dream*

"Supper was over, the oysters ate  
The logic all expended  
The darkness of our Village hall  
Told all 'The meeting's ended.'

Me thought I saw a railroad car  
Come clattering down the Cape  
Drawn by a snorting iron steed  
Demon of uncouth shape.

Old Cape Cód like a boggy marsh  
Shook 'neath his mighty tread  
Each time as the demon passed  
Low bowed its tufted head.

Each eel in Eastham's famous pond  
Turned white with very fear  
And every quahog oped his mouth  
In fright from ear to ear.

Each oyster off Wellfleet's flats  
Gasped in his sandy bed  
Each horse from ploughing Smalley's bar  
Turned his long tail and fled.

The dogfish heard it off the shore,  
And sought his deep sea bed,  
In vain South Truro sighed for clams  
For every clam was dead.

The codfish heard its tundering clang  
And woefully cried 'Alas,'  
Each lobster lifted claws in prayer  
And hailed each striped bass.

'And now,' they said, 'the deed is done;  
The right arm now is free.  
Now can she send the harvest in  
She gathers from the sea.

And we who sport in ocean depths  
Tonight as careless fish  
Tomorrow's noon sees smoking hot  
On Boston Merchant's dish.' "



# *Foreword*

---

Before the day of motors, radio, television, and movies, one of the favorite forms of entertainment for the children was the telling of stories to them by their elders. These stories might be repetitions from Andersen or Grimm or the Bible, or family traditions, or they might be simply made up as the story progressed.

Grandmother Richardson always began the latter with: "Once upon a time, when pigs were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, it was not in your time nor in my time but in the time of Old King Dick there lived . . . "

Most of all I was fascinated by the true stories she told of her parents, grandparents, and their contemporaries in the latter part of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Once after hearing that it was considered part of a proper child's education to read the Bible from cover to cover, I started to emulate the example. The first chapter of "begats" was the finish.

In this attempt to give you an idea of those who by direct, atavistic, and collateral inheritance are your forebears, I have used the story-telling method and pray that by so doing I have not too much distorted facts.

H.B.H.



# Brewster

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The following is an extract from a speech by Daniel Webster, at the Pilgrim Festival, New York City, 1850:

"There was in ancient times a ship that carried Jason to the acquisition of the Golden Fleece. There was a flagship at the Battle of Actium which made Augustus Caesar master of the world. In modern times there have been flagships which carried Drake and Nelson of the other continent and Hull, Decatur, and Stuart of this to triumph.

"Brethren of New York, let me present to you one of the most distinguished of those personages who came hither on the deck of the 'Mayflower'. Let me fancy that I now see Elder William Brewster entering the door at the further end of this hall: a tall, erect figure, of plain dress, with a respectful bow, mild and cheerful but of no merri-ment that reaches beyond a smile. Let me suppose that his image stood before us, or that it was looking in upon this assembly.

" 'Are ye,' he would say, with a voice of exultation and yet softened by melancholy, 'Are ye our children? Our bones lie on the hill in Plymouth churchyard, obscure, unmarked, secreted to preserve our graves from the knowledge of savage foes. No stone tells where we lie. And let me say to you who are our descendants, who possess this glorious country and all it contains, who enjoy this hour of prosperity and the thousand blessings showered upon it by the God of your Fathers, we envy you not, we reproach you not. Be rich, be prosperous, be enlightened, if such be your allotment on earth; but live also always to God and to duty. Spread yourselves and your children over the continent. Accomplish the whole of your great destiny and, if it be that through the whole you carry Puritan hearts with you, if you still cherish an undying love of civil and religious liberty, and means to enjoy them yourselves and are willing to shed your heart's blood to transmit them to your posterity, then will you be worthy descendants of those who landed from the stormy seas on the Rock of Plymouth.' "

An English antiquarian said, "William Brewster was the one, who if honor is to be given to any single person, must be regarded as the 'Father of New England'."

Governor Bradford, after more than thirty years of friendship, wrote in his *History*: "I should say something of his life, if to say a little were not worse than to be silent." To say a



little, the Governor then confesses, could give no just idea of Elder Brewster's varied, self-sacrificing, and not uneventful life; nor indeed of the movements of the period with which he was connected.

Among the old English families inhabiting Suffolk and Norfolk counties on the eastern Coast of England, was the ancient Brewster family. As early as 1375, during the reign of Edward III their names appear in parish records.

William Brewster, subsequently Elder Brewster, was born about the year 1560, a little more than a year after Elizabeth came to the throne. Of the place of his birth no record has been discovered. He was educated at Cambridge University and, from what we know of his later activities, must have been most proficient in Latin, possibly to a lesser degree in Greek.

After he left the University, he went to Court—the Court being wherever the Queen was at the time resident whether at Westminster, Whitehall, Greenwich, Richmond, Windsor or one of the other royal residences. Here were opportunities for advancing in the knowledge and operation of Government in affairs civil, political, and ecclesiastical, that were to be of greatest service to him in his later life.

About 1584, Brewster enlisted in the service of one of the Queen's ambassadors, Mr. William Davison, afterwards one of the principal Secretaries of State. At this period Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in England. The aftermath of the massacre of St. Bartholomew had not subsided; Pope Pius V had issued his Bull pronouncing Queen Elizabeth a heretic. In Spain Phillip II controlled almost the entire commerce of the East—and the gold and riches of the New World.

Brewster attended Mr. Davison when he went as ambassador to the Low Countries after the fall of Antwerp. During the year and a half of this mission, he received his first training in diplomacy at the hands of such men as Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Leicester, Prince Maurice, and others. Governor Bradford stated in his *History* that "Davison found Brewster so diligent and faithful that he trusted him above all others that were about him."

A most critical period in the reign of Elizabeth was the summer of 1586, when Brewster was in his 26th year. Philip of Spain was secretly preparing the Spanish Armada; France, Italy, Spain and Germany were believed to be in league to put down



Protestantism—at least to provide a Catholic successor to the English throne. Added to all this, the fate of Mary Queen of Scots had to be determined. On October 5, 1584, Mr. Davison had been appointed on the commission to try the Queen of Scots. However, he seems not to have been present at the trial when the fearful sentence was passed. The method of its execution was a subject of great controversy, which continued into 1587.

It was a time of peril to Secretary Davison and a turning point in the life of Brewster.

Elizabeth tried, in various ways, to shun the responsibility of the final act and, after the execution, she broke out with the most violent expressions of grief, threatening the chief members of her Council and as an evasion designated the execution as “that miserable accident.” There had to be a victim and Davison was sacrificed. He was committed to the Tower and charged with presumption in executing Her Majesty’s orders.

The effect of all this duplicity produced upon Brewster an impression that changed his mode of life—although for a period he endeavored to render assistance and comfort to his benefactor and friend. At what time he left London and went to live in the north of England is not determined. Davison was not released until after James I ascended to the throne. A broken man, he died in December, 1608.

In what year William Brewster’s marriage took place or into what family, no record has been discovered. The Christian name “Mary” and the designation “Mrs. Brewster” are the only ones left us of his life’s partner. Probably his marriage was previous to 1594, for in that year Elizabeth appointed him postmaster of Scrooby in Nottinghamshire. This implies that he still had influence at Court respecting his office. His duties, which included offices requiring many employees, suitable accommodations, livery, and attendant servants account for his occupancy of the “Bishop Manor House” where he lived for nearly twenty years. This house, as far back as William the Conqueror, if not earlier, had been in the possession of the Archbishops of York. Of this manor house, nothing remained by the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Brewster retained the position of postmaster thirteen years and six months. In the accounts of the Postmaster General are found such entries as “William Brewster, Post of Scrooby, for

his ordinary wages serving Her Majesty all the time, April 15, 1694, to April 15, 1697, (old style) at 20 pence per diem, 91 pounds, 6 shillings, 8 pence."

Trevelyan states that "the conversion of England to Protestantism was substantially effected during the long reign of Elizabeth. When she came to the throne, the bulk of the people halted between a number of opinions. The Anti-Catholic party still consisted of anti-clericals as much as of Protestants. When she died, the majority of the English regarded themselves as ardent Protestants, and a great number of them were living religious lives based on Bible and prayer book."

The Puritans were, most of them, inside the Church, using it to convert the country to Protestantism and hoping ere long to change the church ritual and government in their own direction. When James I of Scotland came to the throne, he deserved the statement, made by Steele, that "he, James, was perhaps the strangest mixture of sense and silliness, of much acquired knowledge and low pedantic meanness, of high pretensions of religion (remember the King James translation of the Bible still, with minor changes, in general use), bred a Presbyterian, discarding that sect, then arrogating to himself the highest church as well as State Prerogatives."

As a partisan, James stigmatized as Puritans all that body of the Church who did not concur in his imperious views, and the Non-Conforming as scarcely to be endured, and not to be tolerated in the Kingdom.

Brewster had been active in furthering the cause of religion in the church and in procuring worthy ministers for the destitute. As service in the rural districts meant small emoluments, they were often minus a spiritual head. It was not until the suspension, deprivation, and silencing of some of these very ministers, whose ability and unselfish devotion to their work were so outstanding, that he joined the Non-Conformists in 1606.

A year later with others, he attempted to cross from Boston in Lancashire to Holland, but was arrested and all his goods confiscated. The loss of his library was a bitter blow.

In 1609, with John Robinson, he succeeded in reaching Leyden, where he became an elder in John Robinson's church. From 1610 to 1617, Brewster was associated with the University of Leyden as an instructor, writing a Latin grammar, teaching, and printing on his own press his and others' works.



In 1617, the community of English exiles in Leyden sent envoys to England to beg that they might, while in Holland, live under the English government and that they might later enjoy liberty of conscience in America. In 1619, they obtained the long-desired patent under the seal of the Old Virginia Company of London.

A small ship, the "Speedwell" of about sixty tons was fitted in Holland while the "Mayflower" of one hundred and eighty tons was hired in London on July 21, 1620. The company left Leyden for Delft, whence they sailed the morning of the 22nd. They went to Southampton, England where they found the "Mayflower". On August 5th the Pilgrim company, numbering 120, set sail. Twice because of leaks in the "Speedwell", they had to put back to Plymouth. There they gave up the "Speedwell", and some who "were willing and some who were weakest", 20 in all, put back to London. On September 6th the "Mayflower" set sail. On November 9th they sighted what proved to be Cape Cod, but as it was their intention to find a place for settlement near the Hudson River, the ship's course was directed southward. Sailing half a day, they found themselves among perilous shoals and breakers (off Chatham Bar). They turned back. On November 11, 1620, after sixty-five days at sea, they safely anchored in Cape Cod Bay. Before landing they prayed, and then they drew up and signed the Compact: "probably the first instrument that the world ever saw entrusting all power in the hands of the majority."

"In the Name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith etc. Having undertaken for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one another command and combine ourselves together each a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid: Equal laws, ordinances, acts, distributions, offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the personal good of the Colony unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

"In witness whereof we have hereto subscribed our names. Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King James of England, France, Ireland, etc., and of Scotland. Anno Domini, 1620."

Lydia Huntley Sigourney, the Connecticut poetess, born in



Norwich, September 1, 1791, describes in poetic language the picture many of us have seen depicted in old history books of the group of Pilgrims on the "Mayflower" at the time of the landing in Plymouth:

"At prayer, at prayer upon the Mayflower's deck,  
Holy Man!  
Heart on thy lips and Bible in thy hand,  
Pour forth, as far as feeble speech can do,  
The intense emotion of the ocean tossed  
And careworn group that thus encircles thee."

They were no ordinary men and women, but the pioneers of a mighty host.

With William Brewster on the "Mayflower" were Mrs. Brewster and two sons, Love and Wrestling. A year later his eldest son, Jonathan, arrived on the ship "Fortune". When this ship returned to England, she was laden with furs, wainscoting, choice woods, and other articles, the result of the hard labor and self-denial of the Colony, to the value of 500 pounds.

A year after Jonathan arrived, Patience and Fear, the two Brewster daughters, who had been left behind in Leyden, reached Plymouth in the ship "Ann". On August 5, 1624, Patience Brewster married Thomas Prince (later Governor Prince), aged 24, who had come to the Colony with a respectable patrimony. Their daughter, Mercy, married John Freeman, and the daughter of this marriage, the great-granddaughter of Elder Brewster, Mercy Freeman, married Paul Sears of Harwich, in 1693.

In 1621, the Pilgrims obtained from the Plymouth Company in London, composed of merchant adventurers, their grant to the land in the new country, but this arrangement was unsatisfactory and, in 1627, the settlers, wishing to be entirely independent, bought up all the stock and paid for it in installments from the fruit of their labors. By 1633, they had paid every penny and become the undisputed owners of the country they had occupied.

On March 27, 1625, James I of England died, succeeded by Charles I. During all the twenty-two years of James' reign in England, as well as some twenty-two years of the preceding reign of Elizabeth, William Brewster had been an advocate of better government. During the eleven years that Charles I governed England without a parliament, from 1629 to 1640, occurred what was known as the "Planting of New England",

and during that period about 26,000 souls arrived on its shores.

In 1632 Miles Standish founded Duxbury and adjoining the captain's land on the Bay lay the farm of Elder Brewster, called "The Nook". In 1634, Patience Brewster Prince died, leaving three daughters. Elder Brewster was in his seventy-fourth year, in remarkable health and vigor, intensely interested in affairs of state and church. It is interesting to record the names of a number of his close associates. We rarely think of society in those struggling years as "intellectual". However, consider at Plymouth, Roger Williams, the original "liberal"; Mr. Raynor, the pastor of the Plymouth Church, educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge; Dr. Chauncey from Trinity, Cambridge, who taught for some time at Plymouth and succeeded Mr. Cotton in Boston; Governors Bradford, Winslow, and Prince—all men of extensive reading and knowledge of languages—odd to think of them as living in a far wilderness at this time.

The inventory of the Elder's library at the time of this death showed him as possessed of over four hundred volumes: sixty-four in Latin, some in Greek and Hebrew, thirty-eight different versions of the Scriptures, others by Erasmus, Calvin, Piscatore—to name but a few—civil, religious, devotional, and Colonial items as well.

Governor Bradford left us this summary of the character of Brewster: "God gave good success to his endeavors. Again and again he was asked to be governor but would not, preferring rather to continue his work in the church as Elder. When there was no minister, he taught twice every Sabbath. He was easy of speech, of grave and deliberate utterance, effective in arousing affection; in prayer both public and private—gifted in laying heart and conscience before God."

We have recorded briefly the reasons for the emigration of William Brewster to New England in 1620. We may also adopt them as the factors which impelled Richard Sears in 1630, Francis Baker in 1635, and Samuel Richardson in 1636, to leave the Mother Country.

In 1644, at the age of 84, Elder William Brewster died. His unmarked grave is on Burial Hill in Plymouth.

"The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die."

*Montgomery.*



Sandwich, the first permanent settlement on Cape Cod, was established in 1638 and Yarmouth followed in the summer of 1639. Part of this settlement, known as Sesuit, was to become Dennis, but not until many years later.

Very early in the settlement of this section of Cape Cod, Miles Standish and John Alden were directed by the Court at Plymouth to set forth the bounds of lands granted, methods of clearing the land and establishing qualifications for housing, forerunners of modern zoning and planning boards, distinctly unpopular with their descendants living on the Cape in the twentieth century.

They also set forth new rules for the granting of marriage licenses, which we sum up: "That if any man make a motion of marriage to any man's daughter, or maid, without first obtaining leave of her parents or guardian or master, he shall be punished by fine not exceeding five pounds or by corporal punishment or both, at the direction of the Court. Also ordered that any person denying the Scriptures to be the rule of life, shall suffer corporal punishment at the direction of the magistrate."

About 1634, committees consisting of ministers and principal laymen were appointed every year for twelve or fourteen years to prepare a code of laws for the Colony. In punishing offenses, they proposed to be governed by the judicial law of Massachusetts but no further than those laws which were of a moral nature. An interesting example: About this period the custom of wearing long hair "after the manner of Russians and barbarous Indians", as Governor Endicott and others termed it, was deemed contrary to the Word of God which says, "It is a shame for man to wear long hair." It was the rule in New England that none wear their hair "below the ears". In clergymen it was peculiarly offensive as they were required to go "with open ears".

In 1648 Captain Standish was authorized by Court to hear and end all differences remaining in the Town of Yarmouth, in which year it was agreed that Yarmouth should possess and enjoy the necks called Nobscusset and Sesuit.

# Sears

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## RICHARD<sup>I</sup>

The name Sears, variously spelled Sears, Seers, Sares, Sayer, appears very early on the records of widely separated sections of the country. For the most part their lineage is traced back to England although many in Virginia and the South and West claim descent from four brothers, Paul, Reeder, Richard, and Daniel, whose antecedents had lived long in France. It is of interest that on the farm of one John Sears at Appomattox Court House, Virginia the last battle of the Civil War was fought and the last ball fired lodged in his house.

Our family line originated in this country with Richard Sears the Pilgrim, who landed in Plymouth in 1630 on the eighth day of May. The English origin, birthplace, and date of Richard Sears has been a cause of controversy among genealogists. Frederick Freeman in his *History of Cape Cod*, published in 1860, and the Rev. E. H. Sears in a privately printed genealogy give a line of descent from the Barons of Hougham near Rochester in Kent in the fourteenth century, and later from the "Sayers" of Colchester in the sixteenth century. From those sources we learn that Richard's father, then a political exile in Holland, married into a noble family, the Van Egmonts. A portrait of Richard owned by that family is said to have hung at that time in a gallery in Amsterdam.

Burke's *Landed Gentry, including American Families with British Ancestry*, published in London in 1939, (therefore the result of more recent research) gives Richard Sears this lineage:

"John Sayer of Birch (Edward II—1307-27) from whom descended John Sayer, Alderman of Colchester 1509, buried there with Elizabeth his wife in St. Peter's Church. Their son George, in 1554 a Burgess of Colchester, purchased Estate of Bouchin's Hall in Aldham, Essex. His son, George, married Rose, daughter of William Cardinal of Great Bromley, by whom he had two sons, Thomas and Richard. The latter is known to



have lived in Holland." From the time of his arrival in Plymouth, May 1630, there is no disagreement about the life and activities of Richard Sears.

From 1633 to 1637, Richard Sears was on the tax list of Plymouth and during that period he married Dorothy Thacher. There is a question as to whether Richard had one or three wives; that Dorothy was the last one of them is well established. There is no authentic record of his having other than three children, Paul, Silas, and Deborah.

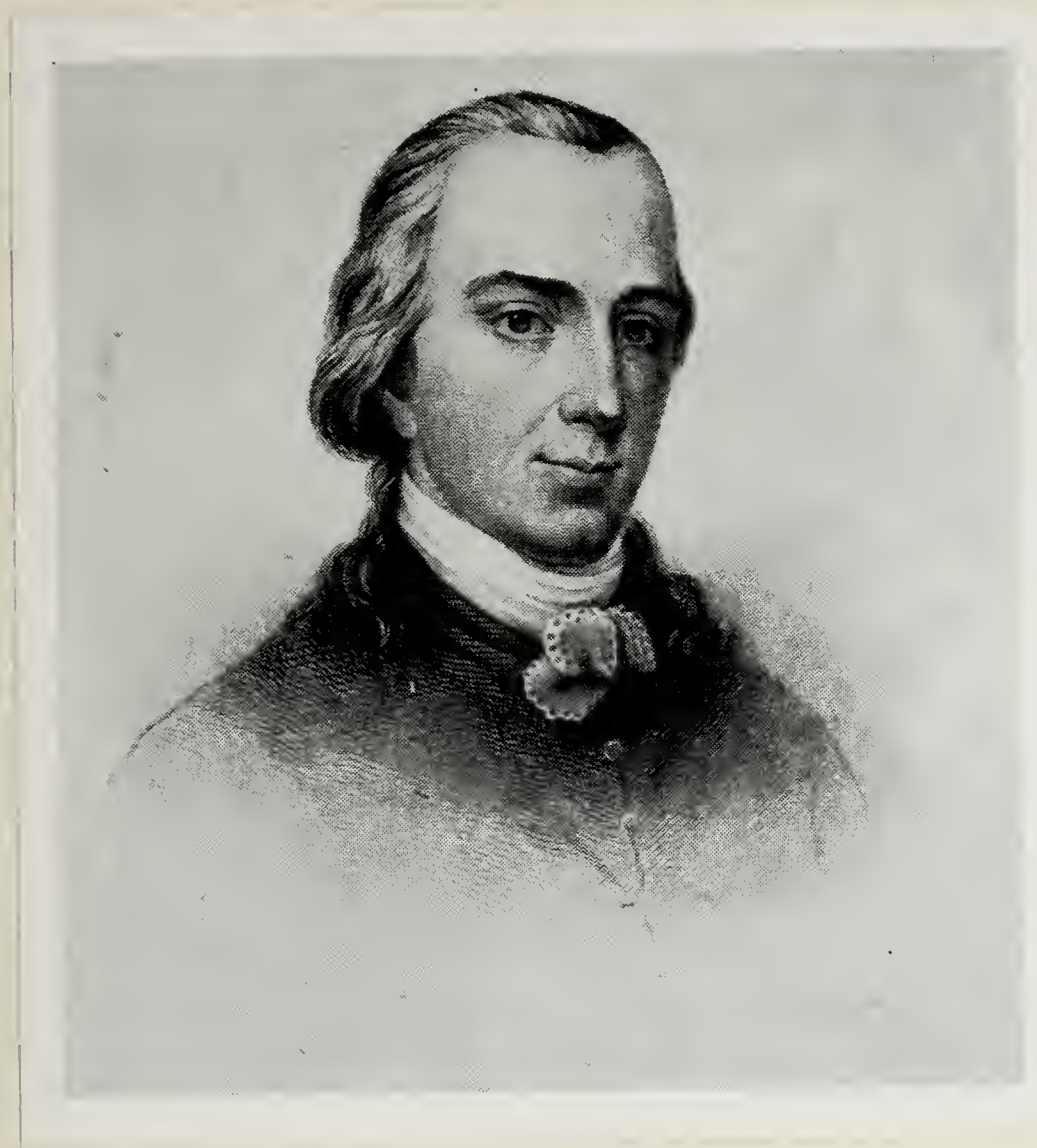
In 1637-38, Richard and Dorothy Sears lived and were taxed in Marblehead, where he had a sizable grant of land. Early in 1639, with Anthony Thacher (believed to have been a brother-in-law), he crossed over to Cape Cod and settled upon a tract of land called by the Indians Matta Keese, to which was given the name of Yarmouth. As late as 1779 there was a cluster of wigwams about a mile from the mouth of the Bass River, in the southeastern part of the town, inhabited by the remains of the Pawkunnawkut Indians.

In 1643 we find the name of Richard Sayer on the list of inhabitants of Yarmouth between the ages of 16 and 60 liable to bear arms. In 1652 he was on the Grand Jury and a year later took the "Oath of Fidelity" to the Colony at Plymouth. In 1660 he served as Constable and two years later as Representative to the General Court at Plymouth. These civic duties did not interfere with his religious activities, for on the first of March 1658 he was appointed on a Committee to levy and adjust church taxes.

A company led by Richard Sears had in 1643 climbed Scargo Hill and from its eminence rested their eyes upon the green meadows of Sesuit and Quivet, shut in on three sides by hills and open on the left to the sea. Between the two creeks there was a tongue of fine land made up in part by alluvial deposits, and there they selected sites for their future habitations. Accordingly in 1664 Richard purchased these lands from Allis, widow of Governor William Bradford, Thomas Prince being Governor.

Witnesseth these presents, that I, Allis Bradford, the widow of William Bradford (late of Plymouth in America) Esq. deceased, have this day and year aforesaid, for and in consideration of the sum of twenty pounds to me the said Allis Bradford in hand payed before the ensealing and delivery of these p'sents, by Richard Sears of the Town of Yarmouth in the Colony of New Plymouth aforesaid, husbandman, whereof and of every p'te and p'cell thereof I the said Allis Bradford





RICHARD SEARS

do fully acquit and discharge him the said Richard Sares, his heirs and assigns forever, bargained and sold, enfeoffed, assigned and confirmed and by these presents do bargain, sell, enfeoffe, assigne and confirm unto him the said Richard Sares, his heirs and assigns, two allotments of land containing forty acres, be they more or less lying and being at a place commonly called and known by the name of Sesuit, between a brook commonly called and known by the name of Bound Brook and a brook called Saquahuckett Brook—twenty acres whereof was the first lot (so called) of upland with a small neck of land next the said Bound Brook, on the Eastern side of said brook, and was the lot of the aforesaid William Bradford, deceased, the other twenty acres of land lying and being the next adjoining hereunto on the Eastern side called the second lott and was late an allotment of land of Experience Michels, both allotments of land are bounded on the Western side with Bound Brook aforesaid, and on the Eastern side with an allotment of land (late) Nicholas Snow, now in tenure and possession of Peter Worden, as also a certain tract of meadow to the aforesaid lots appertaining of seven acres and an half, be it more or less, lying herein and abutting between the northern side of the said nook of upland bound brook and small creeke, as from the Eastern corner of said nook from a spring which runs through the meadows into the said Bound Brook, together with all the perquisites, profits, ways, easements, emoluments and appurtenances thereunto belonging with all my right to thr claim and interest unto the said lots of upland and meadows or any part or parcel thereof.

To have and to hold the said two lots of upland, nook and meadows with every p'te and p'cell thereof together with all the perquisites, profits, emoluments, wats, easements and appurtenances thereunto or any part or parcel thereof any wys belonging to Richard Sares, his heirs and assigns forever, I say to the only use and behoof of him the said Richard Sares, his heirs and assigns forever.

In witness whereof, the said Allis Bradford have hereto these presents set my hand and seal the twenty-third of November Anno dom. 1664.

Allis Bradford  
her X mark  
and a seal

Signed and delivered in the  
Presence of Thomas Southworth  
Mary Carpenter. Her X mark

The foregoing is a true copy of the Plymouth Col. Record of Deeds, Vol. 3, Part 1, Page 8.

Upon this property Richard built his house, lived, reared his children, and died. In 1933, a descendant in the ninth generation from Richard Sears—Harriet Baker Hyde—and her husband Fritz Carleton Hyde—purchased fifteen and one half acres of this property on Sesuit Neck. They sold it in 1945.

When Richard Sears died, August 26, 1676, he left a will and



inventory of his property which are recorded in the Plymouth Colony Records in Plymouth, Vol. 3, of Wills, Folios 53, 54, and 55. He divided his property between his two sons, Paul and Silas, and his daughter Deborah, with these restrictions:

"That, after the specific bequests unto Dorothy, my wife, all my lands whatsoever, to be at her disposal for her life and I do give unto her all my other goods and cattle, whatsoever, and before her death to give and bequeath them among my children at her pleasure. And also, I make her my sole executrix of this my last will and testament."

This codicil is a rare bit:

"And I do add here to as followeth: 'That at my wife's decease, my eldest son, Paul Sears, shall have and enjoy to his own proper use, the house which I now live in, my bed and bedding thereto belonging, and my clothing and the cattle that shall be left at my wife's decease; also my warming pans and the earthen pot with cover that belongs to it and the iron pot and the table, also house and land to the value of 220 pounds, one bull and heifer, 5 cows, 2 calves, one mare, one colt, my great Bible and other books, 2 chests and chairs, and brass utensils, more than 2 waistcoats, coat, clock, iron furniture for the fire, 2 Indian trays and other household goods, stockings, shoes, britches, hat, rugs and andirons,'"

—an indication of the value of these simple things that must have been brought from England.

Dorothy Sears died in 1679. The exact spot of the burial of Richard and Dorothy is not known. Many years ago a granite monument was erected in the old Yarmouth Cemetery, near that of their son Paul, which bears this inscription:

"Worth is better than wealth,  
Goodness, greater than nobility,  
Excellence, brighter than distinction."

PAUL<sup>II</sup>, RICHARD<sup>I</sup>

Paul, eldest son of Richard and Dorothy, was born in Marblehead about February 28, 1637. In 1658, he married Deborah Willard, daughter of George Willard of Scituate, who was the son of Richard and Joanne (Morehead) Willard of Harsmonden of Kent, England. His wife, Dorothy (Dunster) Willard was the daughter of Henry Dunster of Ballholt, near Burry in Lancaster, England. Her brother, the Reverend Henry Dunster, was an early president of Harvard College.

In 1638, the first printing press was brought to New England by the widow of Reverend Jesse Glover, a wealthy dissenting clergyman of Sutton, England, who had died en route. The press



came under the control of Harvard College by the marriage on June 22, 1641, of the widow Glover to the college president, Henry Dunster.

Paul and Deborah had ten children, five sons and five daughters. Paul was the first to adopt the present spelling of the name Sears. He took the "Oath of Fidelity" in 1657, and held a commission as captain in the militia. He was one of the original proprietors of lands in Harwich, between Bound and Stony Brooks, known as "Wing's Purchase", as appears by the deed of John Wing, dated April 16, 1657; recorded in Plymouth.

The will of Paul, as recorded in Barnstable, drawn February 20, 1707 shows, when compared with his father's will and inventory, how rapidly earthly possessions were acquired in one generation, even in the earliest days. The will is too long to quote. He made "my son, Samuel Sears, and my loving wife, Deborah, executors." The inventory is of more interest.

"All and singular ye goods, chattels, housings, lands and audits of Paul Sears, yeoman, deceased." *Just to note a few of the items:* "2 featherbeds, 2 other beds, bedstead, curtains and valances with bolsters, pillows, all ye coverlets and sheets, spinning wheels, pewter platters, cups and plates, pots, koolers, pails, trays, spoons, table linen and towels, saddle, bridle, cloth, flax and linen yarn, warming pan (*that belonged to his father*) charts, clock, candlesticks, lamps, etc."

In the ancient cemetery at Yarmouth lies a stone slab, the oldest dated memorial there, with the following inscription: "Here lies the body of Paul Sears who departed this life Feb. 20, 1707 in ye 70th year of his age." Deborah died May 13, 1721, but there is no stone to her memory.

Paul's sister Deborah was born September, 1639, and is said to have been the first white girl born in what is now the Township of Dennis. She married Zachary Paddock when she was twenty. They had eight children, the eighth being Judah, who married Alice Alden, the granddaughter of John and Priscilla Alden. Deborah and Zachary Paddock lived together sixty-eight years. When Zachary died the New England Week Letter published an article which I quote in part.

"This day May 1, 1727 died Mr. Zachary Paddock in the 88th year of his age—He was married in 1659 to Miss Deborah Sears who now survives him, having lived together 68 years and by her, God blessed him with a numerous offspring, especially in the third and fourth generation having left behind him of his own posterity, 48 grandchildren and 38 great-grandchildren. No less than 30 were descendants of his second son. The old gentleman, his wife, one of his sons and



his wife lived a considerable time in a house by themselves without any other person, when their ages computed together amounted to over 300 years. Mr. Paddock had obtained the character of a righteous man, and his widow now near four score and eight years old is well reputed for good works."

This family certainly is a good illustration of the growth of population on the Cape without immigration from without.

PAUL<sup>III</sup>, PAUL<sup>II</sup>, RICHARD<sup>I</sup>

Paul Sears, son of Paul and Deborah (Willard), was born in Yarmouth, June 15, 1669. He married in Harwich, 1693, Mercy Freeman, daughter of Deacon Thomas and Rebecca Sparrow Freeman. Mercy was always spoken of as "Mercy Paul", to distinguish her from her sister-in-law, Mercy Mayo, who was known as "Mercy Sam". Her grandfather, Major John Freeman, married Mercy Prince, daughter of Governor Thomas and Patience (Brewster) Prince of Eastham, and so she was the great-great-granddaughter of Elder Brewster. Mercy's great-grandfather, Edmund Freeman, was known in Colonial history as the "Proprietor", who with others in April 1637, obtained a grant from the Colony of Plymouth for the settlement of Sandwich. History has it that in 1655, he presented the Colony at Lynn with "twenty corseletts of plate armor". In fact, Hutchinson says "John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winston, Isaac Allerton, Miles Standish, William White, John Hopkins, Richard Warren, John Alden, John Howland, Timothy Hatterly, Thomas Willit, William Thomas, James Adsworth, Thomas Southworth and *Edmund Freeman* were the founders of the Colony of New Plymouth, the settlement of which Colony occasioned the settlement of Massachusetts Bay, which was the source of all the other colonies of New England."

In 1679, when select courts were allowed in towns for jurisdiction, Edmund Freeman was commissioned to hold one in Sandwich. Mercy's grandfather, Governor Thomas Prince, filled a large space in the early history of the Colony. Before 1657, during his residence in Plymouth, he was twice governor but that year, in spite of the fact that he was then residing in Eastham, he was again elected governor. At this time Eastham was known as Nauset.

John Warner Barber, in his book *Historical Recollections*, published in 1841, in describing the home of Governor Prince in Eastham, mentions "an ancient pear tree that Governor

Prince brought from England. Although at this time about two hundred years old, it was still in a vigorous state, fruit small but excellent, still yielding annually upon an average fifteen bushels of fruit."

By law, the governor of the colony was expected to reside in Plymouth but a dispensation was granted by the Colonial Court in his (Prince's) favor and, notwithstanding his elevation to the governorship, he continued to reside on the Cape. However, in 1665 he returned to Plymouth, a house being provided for him and a salary of fifty pounds voted him. It was deemed necessary for the convenient administration of justice that the governor should reside in the seat of government. He thus ceased to be an inhabitant of the Cape. He died in April, 1673. The stone doorstep from his house in Eastham may be seen at the base of the Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown.

The year that Governor Prince died, the Court saw fit to order that "no shipment of fish caught on Cape Cod shall be made unless an account of the same be rendered first to the authorities"; and that "Indians may be worked for debt, that drunken Indians shall be fined and whipped, that idle Indians shall be bound into labor and that for theft they shall restore four fold."

Paul Sears lived on Sesuit Neck and was prominent in the church of Dennis in the town of Yarmouth, to which he had been admitted June 23, 1728, his wife having joined the previous year. Paul was on the committee to lay out the meeting house floor for pews and later served at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Dennis for whom the town was named. Paul died February 14, 1739, and is buried beside his wife in the old family burying ground at Bound Brook, West Brewster.

EDMUND<sup>IV</sup>, PAUL<sup>III</sup>, PAUL<sup>II</sup>, RICHARD<sup>I</sup>

Captain Edmund Sears, the eleventh of the twelve children of Paul and Mercy Freeman Sears, was born in Yarmouth, August 6, 1712. April 7, 1743, he married Hannah Crowell, daughter of Christopher and Sarah Matthews Crowell, who was only eighteen years of age. Edmund at an early age went to sea and was probably not at home long enough to woo and wed until he was quite mature, thirty-one in fact. Their first child Edmund Jr. was born within a year, and nine others followed, the last, Hannah, being born Dec. 8, 1766—a prolific twenty-





GOVERNOR THOMAS PRINCE

three years. Edmund and Hannah were admitted to the Church in May 1775.

It is a matter of history that Captain Edmund Sears was unloading his vessel after a long voyage at the time of the "Boston Tea Party". He went on board the vessels and participated in throwing the tea overboard. Upon his return to the Cape, though he had been long absent from home, on entering the house he went straight to the "Bowfat" and without saying a word, seized the teapot and caddy and threw them into the garden with a crash. His astonished wife whispered "children, your poor father has come home crazy." He then announced that "from that time henceforth none of his family were to drink tea or wear upon their persons any article of British manufacture."

Edmund's four sons were in the Revolutionary Army, but nonetheless when a landing was threatened on the Cape, he mounted his horse and galloped to the spot to offer his services. He set up the first chaise in town and brought many household treasures from foreign lands. Edmund Sears died Aug. 12, 1796, aged 85. Hannah died six years later. They are buried in the old Sears burying ground, in West Brewster.

Temperance, the ninth child of Edmund and Hannah, married Capt. Isaac Clark who was a shipmaster in the Russian trade and at the close of the Revolutionary War achieved the distinction of commanding the first mercantile vessel to display the United States flag in the White Sea, having been obliged to wait six months at St. Petersburg for the arrival of the American minister before he was permitted to discharge his cargo. He was a representative at one time from Brewster. He died on the coast of Africa in 1819. His son, Albert Paddock Clark had a successful career in commerce in Pernambuco, and on Cape Cod, where he was one of the first to cultivate with success the cranberry which has since ranked as the most important export of this region, as well as the most lucrative since the decline of fishing.

In 1677, to appease the wrath of Charles II, who was angry with Massachusetts Colony for coining "Pine Tree shillings", the General Court ordered a present to be sent to him of "10 barrels of cranberries, 2 hogsheads of sump and 3000 codfish", luxuries which it was thought would soften the ire of an angry monarch.



EDMUND<sup>V</sup>, EDMUND<sup>IV</sup>, PAUL<sup>III</sup>, PAUL<sup>II</sup>, RICHARD<sup>I</sup>

Edmund Sears, the eldest son of Edmund and Hannah Crowell Sears, was born on January 3, 1743. In 1771, he married Hannah Taylor, daughter of Jacob Taylor of Yarmouth. They had eleven children. Of these five daughters married men by the name of Howes, not closely related. A number of them were sea captains.

Molly Atwood married Zenas Howes; Hannah married Abner Howes; Priscilla—Moses Howes; Lydia—Nathan Howes; Zerviah—married Reuben Howes October 20, 1803. Her husband died on board his brig, the "Two Brothers" on the passage from Charleston to Cadiz, leaving her with three children, the eldest, Daniel, but eleven years of age. Daniel went to sea at a very early age. When he was twenty-six he married Mercy Lincoln Howes. Unfortunately, he too died at sea on his schooner, thirteen years after his marriage, leaving Mercy with two sons and a daughter.

The second son, Daniel Willis Howes, was born February 23, 1835. On December 2, 1863, he married Abby J. Nye of Sandwich. Their daughter, Mona, gave to me her great grandmother, Zevia Sears' (my great, great aunt) linen pocket, marked "Zevia Sears" and a great wooden bowl that had belonged to her. The pocket is undoubtedly of the style of the one described in the jingle—"Lucy Locket lost her pocket." One of Mona's relatives, the wife of Captain Marcus Hall, went with her husband around Cape Horn fourteen times, rather disproving the moral of the rhyme Mona quoted to me:

"Of all the good wives doubly blest,  
The sailor's wife, the happiest.  
For she can sit, serene at home,  
And sew and knit, and let him roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth,  
The sailor has the softest berth.  
For in his cabin he can sit  
And sail and sail, and let her knit."

However an item, published in the "Yarmouth Register" over fifty years ago has a different angle:

"Mrs. Eliza S., wife of Captain Asa F. Smith, of Orleans, the daughter of Captain Alfred Kendrick, died at sea, October 30th. She had been constantly with her husband on his voyages since 1875, having travelled more than 350,000 sea miles, to all the countries of the globe. She was

one of the few women who had shaken hands with the Mikado of Japan. She has a host of friends all over the world."

A sixth daughter of Edmund and Hannah Sears, Sally, married Paul Crowell of Sandwich. They lived to see their children and children's children to the fifth generation. Edmund died at the age of eighty-eight, on March 16, 1829, and Hannah died at the age of seventy-six, July 7, 1826. They also are buried in the Brewster Cemetery.

A seventh daughter of Edmund and Hannah, Persis Paine, married, Prince Crowell of Sandwich, who was lost at sea three years later at the age of twenty-eight. As a little girl, my father used to tell me the story of this young wife—his great aunt—who for hours would look out to sea, watching for the young husband who never returned. But I cannot remember that he told me that she was consoled, only a year later, by re-marrying. One wonders if this was not a possible Enoch Arden situation.

JUDAH<sup>VI</sup>, EDMUND<sup>V</sup>, EDMUND<sup>IV</sup>, PAUL<sup>III</sup>, PAUL<sup>II</sup>, RICHARD<sup>I</sup>

Judah, the second son of Edmund and Hannah, was born in East Dennis, October 6, 1773. January 18, 1798, he married Sarah Hale of Sandwich, by whom he had nine children. Church records show that they were admitted to the church of Dennis, Sarah in 1801, Judah in 1802—possibly the result of wifely influence.

Judah followed the sea most of his life. We know that he commanded one vessel—the "Sally-Betsy", evidently named for two of his daughters. Judah's niece, Betsy Crowell, daughter of his brother Edmund, married, at the age of nineteen, Jonathan Howes who was lost at sea. Three years later she married a widower—Asa Shiverick—who headed the family of ship builders whose ships, built on Sesuit Neck, sailed the seven seas.

PERSIS<sup>VII</sup>, JUDAH<sup>VI</sup>, EDMUND<sup>V</sup>, EDMUND<sup>IV</sup>, PAUL<sup>III</sup>, PAUL<sup>II</sup>,  
RICHARD<sup>I</sup>

Persis, the eighth child of Judah and Sally Sears, was born in East Dennis, September 17, 1818, the seventh generation in descent from Richard the Pilgrim. On October 8, 1839, she married in Dennis, Edwin Baker of Yarmouth, of the seventh generation in descent from Francis Baker. Of Persis' girlhood we know very little. We imagine her growing up in a house situated in the corner of the open field to the north of Hyde



House. There, surrounded by a large family of sisters and brothers, she must have played on the beach below the cliff which then was at least a half mile further north than it is now. The sandy coast of Cape Cod constantly changes its sea line.

At the age of ten, she, like all well-trained little girls of that era, worked a lovely sampler now in the possession of her granddaughter, Persis Sears Baker Edgar, as is also her "Album". In it are written the tender, often adulatory good wishes of her friends of both sexes. That she was more than an average scholar we should judge from the fact that at eighteen she was teaching school in Brewster. The following letter was written to her by one A. T. Wild from Andover (Teachers Seminary) May 25, 1836:

"Respected Friend:

Yours of the 5th came duly to hand from which I am happy to hear that you take pleasure in the business in which you are now engaged, the pleasing yet arduous task that you have undertaken is by no means of minor importance. Those who feel their responsibility can but be impressed with their insufficiency to perform the important duties devolving upon them. The teacher is entrusted with the germ of the human mind before it fairly begins to show signs of development. It is therefore important that it should be watered and nurtured with much care that it may bloom in all that loveliness and beauty for which it was designed by its Creator. You observed you should enjoy yourself more pleasantly in being taught than teaching. It is true that we are released from much anxiety and many restless moments while being instructed, but if our efforts are successful in teaching we are in a great measure compensated by having the satisfaction to know that we are benefiting others as well as ourselves. It requires great care and skill to cultivate the youthful mind morally and intellectually. While we find some who are active to learn and seem to delight in it, we find others, who appear indolent and unattractive. While it is necessary to urge some, it is necessary to check others. While in one there are passions to allay, it is necessary to cultivate the same in others, hence it is ever necessary to keep a watchful eye and a bridled tongue and guard against the exercise of our own feelings in an unjudicious manner so as not to counteract our efforts in relation to others. It is on the teacher we are to depend, in a great measure, for the good moral and intellectual habits of the coming generation. In proportion as they exert their influence to implant good moral habits above those of the past generation and follow in the paths of virtue, just in that proportion may we expect to see society elevated and a great moral evolution effected. I hear that the school is not so flourishing in Dennis as I could wish either from the decline of interest or the absence of so great a number, probably the latter. One of Mr. Washburn's scholars is attending here. I hope you will be free to write whenever it is conven-



ient with the assurance that it will at all times be considered as a favor to one who is ever interested in the welfare of those with whom he has been associated. Wishing you success and happiness in your present, as in all future undertakings."

Three years later, October 8, 1839, Persis Sears married Edwin Baker of Yarmouth. The ceremony was performed in the East Dennis Church, by the Rev. Robert Walcot. How we wish that we could know how Persis looked, what she wore, and many of the intimate things about her life. They went across the Cape to live between Hyannis and West Yarmouth. The house was burned in the early 70's.

The eldest child of Edwin and Persis, Sylvester, was born August 1, 1840. He left the Cape as a youth and went to Boston to live and there he died of smallpox in 1871, never having married. The second child, Howard, born in August 1843, lived only a year. After his death, Persis wrote this little lament:

"Sweet be thy sleep, unbroken by a Mother's anguish wild;  
I would not wake thee from thy slumber deep—Howard my child.  
The strife is o'er, to God again his own kind gift is given;  
And now my child, behold forever more His face in Heaven.  
Farewell my child, the blessed thought is mine, in good or ill;  
Thou art an angel undefiled—and I thy Mother still."

Sarah Hale, named for her grandmother, born the following year, lived but a year and a half. Infant mortality in the early nineteenth century was high. December 30, 1847, Edwin Howard arrived. I wish I knew the significance of the dual usage of the name Howard. I have no letters written by Persis; a few of her poems in an album of a friend I have read. Her married life was very short, only ten years, in which there was much sorrow in the loss of three children. She died March 31, 1850 leaving my Father, Edwin Howard, a little boy of three. Try as he would, he never had the slightest glimmer of remembrance of his mother, but treasured the few personal things he had that belonged to her. Persis's younger sister Martha at once took over the care of little Howard and we find her writing her brother-in-law two months after her sister's death:

"Dear Brother: I think by this time you would like to hear from Howard. I am glad that he is improving gradually. Every day has found him a little better since you left. He makes no inquiries about you. He approves of sitting in my lap better than to lie on the bed. Although it is now eleven o'clock he is asleep for the first time, since you were here, on the bed. This I expect is purely an accident. He is



not so worrying as when you were here. If nothing new takes place I think he will get along nicely. I hope he will. I cannot spend time to write more as time is precious to me now. Hope you will come and see him when you can. Tell Eliza (*his sister*) not to leave you. Sister Lydia has just come to visit us. Very truly, Martha Sears. Tuesday noon."

Martha Sears must have been a person of real charm and a sense of humor, judging from her letters written to her closest friend, Lydia Howes. These letters were given to me by Lydia's granddaughter, Mrs. Susan Sears, a most charming old lady, who for the last forty years of her life was the postmistress of East Dennis. She was ninety when she died but perfectly remembered how much her mother had talked of her friendship with Martha. They lived close neighbors, as great-grandfather Judah Sears, sold to her father, Captain William Howes, the land on which he built his house, the present Hyde House. Mrs. Sears said the Captain Howes was so eager to build for future generations, that he personally went to Maine and selected the lumber and brought it down on one of his vessels. We have only to look at the present beams in the "garret" and the wide floor boards and wainscot to know how wise was his selection.

Like her older sister Persis, Martha, for a short time at least, taught school at an early age. I have two or three early compositions of Martha's written while in school, and quote one in full. It is certainly indicative of interest in a subject as much a question for discussion one hundred years ago as today.

"OUGHT THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS  
TO BE RESTRICTED?"

The press is an important and essential vehicle for the communication and advancement of knowledge, and through this medium, we derive our most important facts and ideas. As we live in a free, civilised and enlightened world, our press which is an instrument of rendering us so, should have the privilege of printing whatever is desired, that it may gratify the various tastes, or likings, which different persons possess, that one whose fancy naturally leads them to trivial and trifling reading, may not be satiated by that which is sound and instructive, which is sought by those of a well cultivated mind. If a mind naturally inclines to the former course, if it be prohibited will only lead him into worse habits, worse principles and worse results ensue. It is by the influence of books and papers, which are in circulation, that people of this age of the world become distinguished, and exalted over the heathen and barbarous nations. It is to the press they owe their superiority.

Martha Sears"

In a letter to "Dear Lydia" dated Sandwich, April 29, 1839, when she was living with her married sister Betsy she said

"You know I am teaching school. I shall not say very much about it. I get along very well considering — "Aurelia" has just been published (*engagement announcement*). I went to her Mother's last night and saw Mr. Price, her beau. He has rather a dark complexion, great enormous whiskers, but la! he looks very well for a man. I won't say any more about her or him. Betsy has a toothache, but I am as smart as two sticks and a cob—For mercy's sake don't let any one see this letter. They would think I was crazy. Good by. This from Martha Sears."

Just one hundred years later this letter was read by her great niece, who was also her step granddaughter in the very house to which it had been addressed. A good commentary on the influence of the wishes of the writer upon the future disposal of a letter.

Three years later, July 26, 1843, she went to Dudley, Massachusetts to visit her sister Sally, who had married Ralph Dwight of Thompson, Connecticut. Her letter from there is in quite a different vein.

"Dear Friend: It is a pleasant Tuesday morning. The air is cool and balmy as an autumnal wind that flows with hollow sound through the trees. I have waited long and expected a letter from the Cape yes, even from you, but patience being wearied, I thought by writing a line to you I might stir up your mind by way of remembrance, Why Lydia have you not written? I will not indulge the thought that you have forgotten me. No it cannot be. That cannot be the excuse. Well then, what can it be? A letter from the Cape's worth so much to me. I suppose you would like to ask how I like the country (*what did she call the Cape*). The prospect here is beautiful. I admire the large and beautiful trees. The large orchards and rich fruits. I am well contented, but after all Sesuit Neck has its charms which are not to be found in every place. They are exquisite and rare. If I could see you this morning I would fill your hand and mouth with cherries and currants—enough for ourselves and neighbors. My thoughts may this morning be wandering and disconnected but I know you do not want a ceremonious letter, for that would not be natural.—

"We have known Lydia but little of this world's cold bitterness and frown. Misfortune and disappointment has not characterized our path thus far through life. We have associated together in the earliest scenes of youth. We were happy playmates. Along the same frequented path we have strayed hand in hand to the same school. Our joys and sorrows (*if any*) were closely connected. Yes imagination even now pictures to me those happy times. But they are past, but not forgotten. No! many a happy thought clusters around the scenes of joyous youth (*remember she was but twenty*). I love to think



of the past but the dream of future happiness what may it be? With it may be mixed a tear of sorrow and woe—We have quite a musical time here sometimes. Lydia how are all your plants prospering. I should like to step into your flower garden. I suppose you have it exactly this summer as you said you would try for it. They have some beautiful dahlias here, beefsteak geraniums, multiflore roses, lavender, sweet scented geraniums. The modes of cooking here are rather different from those on the Cape. But still you may think I like it and that it agrees with me pretty well when I tell you I was weighed a few weeks ago and balanced 141. Now you may laugh——. Give my love to all the girls and to any one that says 'have you heard from Martha?' Give my love to Father and Mother and tell them Martha is well and doing nicely. I hope Mother won't let the moths eat my rug up before it is done—Lydia, you may be surrounded with company when this letter is placed in your hands. I would thank you to read it and put it in your pocket—Write soon and write all the news and you will very much oblige your friend and neighbor. M. Sears."

On August 8, 1850, five months after her sister Persis's death, Martha and her mother went to South Boston to visit her brother Eben. This fact one knows from a letter written on that date to Mrs. Hannah Hall, a sister of Lydia Howes. In this letter she says

"We are here at Brother Eben's all well at present, but how long we shall be, is uncertain as smallpox is quite prevalent. We left Brother Judah's last Sabbath as little Judah Russell was sick with 'Varioloid'. We feel more alarmed than we ordinarily would as one of their next neighbors, a strong robust man died with it about a week since. It is a dread disease. Hope we shall escape it. It was rather a melancholy day with all of us last Sabbath, I assure you. Mother enjoys herself well, better even than I anticipated. She walks out almost every day, but after all, she would like me, like to see her Cape friends, but so long as we are with our homefolks I do not know why we should be discontented, though I say, as I have always said, if my friends are there, give me old Cape Cod in preference to any other portion of this globe. I think that a trip to Sesuit Neck would be to me what a trip to Niagara Falls is to the fashionable, 'bliss inexpressible'—. We are expecting Brother Eben every day. He has been out (*at sea*) 122 days. Joanna (*Horton*) begins to think every time the door bell rings it may be him. It would not be strange if she had to think so a good while yet, but you know for a sailor's friends there is some comfort in anticipation."

Eben was to die off Charleston, South Carolina, eight years later, leaving one son and three daughters, Martha's brother, Judah, whom she mentioned, was born in Dennis in 1804 and had there married Priscilla H. Howe in 1827. They had moved to Boston in 1835.



I have a bill dated February 18, 1851 from George W. Warren & Co., Boston "Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods" 192 Washington Street, for items evidently intended for Martha's trousseau, gloves, silk hose, lace, cambric, silk, hat, and a plaid long shawl. At any rate Martha Sears and Edwin Baker were married in Boston, September 7, 1852, and then returned to the Cape. They had two sons, Judah and Osmond. Martha died less than four years later January 30, 1856 in childbirth, leaving Grandfather with four boys and evidently an absolute certainty that he could not cope with the situation, for he broke up their home in Yarmouth and turned over the upbringing of the children to his sisters. Father at the age of ten went to his Aunt Mary Hallet in Springfield. Justly, or unjustly, Father could never quite forgive his father for this, to him, unparental arrangement.

In 1875 Father visited the site of the old home between West Yarmouth and Hyannis and brought away a piece of bark of a willow tree under which he played as a small child. I have been unable to determine the location of the house destroyed by fire in 1870. Persis and Martha died there and are buried in the new cemetery on Sea Street, Hyannis, beside Grandfather, whose body was brought back to the Cape from Colorado. Father was just nine years old when his step-mother died. He remembered her with deepest affection and great sorrow at so early having been deprived of a mother's care and love.

After Martha Sears Baker died, leaving four little boys, there is a period about which we have no record. Father lived at least part of the time with his Grandfather and Grandmother Sears in East Dennis; went to school; learned to handle a "Cape Cod cat"; went deep sea fishing. He often expressed a regret that he had never as a boy been exposed to enough cold weather, such is the salubrious climate of Cape Cod, to have had any considerable winter sport; in fact, he never learned to skate.

Of Father's life in Springfield, during the three years that he lived with his Aunt Mary (Baker) Hallet, I can tell you very little. It is safe to assume that he went to school, joined in the sports of his fellows and developed into a splendid specimen of young manhood, judging from his pictures and the fact that until he was well over sixty years of age, he never had a severe illness. He had no recollection of having had the usual diseases of childhood and I know that he never had a successful vaccina-



tion against smallpox until he was fifty-four, when I was censured for having produced a severe reaction after a vaccination I felt necessary since there was an outbreak of smallpox that year in New York.

When the Civil War broke out, he was anxious to go into the Army. He passed his physical examination and all went well until the question of his age arose. Like the "Father of his Country", he "could not tell a lie", so was told that he would have to have the written consent of his nearest male relative. His father was on the high seas and his Uncle Charles settled the situation with the remark, "Howard, I would as soon sign your death warrant as this paper."

During his whole life, Father could never do things well with his hands, with the exception of penmanship in which he excelled. Evidently this must have troubled his aunt, for she had him join an evening class of boys who were learning carpentry with an old cabinet maker, a forerunner of the modern class in manual training. Imagine her surprise—Father always said "sorrow"—when, as a result of his efforts, he proudly brought home for her inspection a wooden leg. They were sadly needed at that time by the Army. That was the end of that experiment. Father was never able to drive a nail without first putting on a pair of gloves to protect his hands, which he always hit.

His aunt was, as described by her sister Eliza, "a Christian woman". She instilled in her nephew habits of church observance, the evils of alcohol and tobacco and an honesty of purpose and endeavor that were marked characteristics all his life. He must have been well grounded in his mathematics and English and the ability to express himself well either in writing or public speaking, as these were talents developed to an unusual degree by constant use as his career unfolded.

# Reed

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John Reed of Bolton, Massachusetts owned a large estate and a house which because of its size and beauty was known throughout that section of the state as the "Reed Mansion". There his daughters Rachel, Charlotte, and *Clarissa* and his sons, Ludo, John, Warren, and James were born. This house was noted for its hospitality. One winter's night when filled with children and grandchildren it burned to the ground, the family escaping with only their night clothes.

I have before me a deed, dated March 14, 1830, in which John Reed describes his daughter Rachel "as late of Bolton and now in Bath, Maine, single woman." That she had at least domestic ability is evidenced by the lovely piece of linen I have for which she spun the flax before weaving it in a block pattern for a tablecloth. She was undoubtedly in Bath, Maine, with her sister, Charlotte, who lived there, having married a Houghton. She had a number of children: Charlotte who married a Meeker, who later moved to Montreal and then to Baltimore; Martha who married into the famous family of ship-builders, the Sewalls of Bath; and Emma and Henry who never married. As a little girl I remember how Henry Houghton used to "beau" his cousins, my aunts, whenever they were in Boston. Ludo and John Reed moved to Chambersburg and Baltimore; Warren to Virginia; James to Boston. At the latter's son James's home on Gloucester Street, two doors from Beacon Street, I attended my first real evening party, the wedding of James's granddaughter Kate to John Rice Bradley. Cousin Kate Reed was a stunning girl and in her wedding gown so lovely she made a lasting impression on her young cousin. During the fifty and more years since that wedding we exchanged greetings every Christmas until she died.

When Warren Reed died in Scottsville, Virginia in 1838, the following quaint document was sent to his family.



"At a called meeting of the Scottsville Lyceum held July 3, 1838, the following preamble and resolution were offered and unanimously adopted.

"Whereas it has pleased the Almighty in the visitation of his providence to bereave us of our respected fellow member, Warren Reed, whose life both as a member of this body and of society in general we most deeply regret and whereas we are solicitous of expressing by some united act of respect our attachment to his person and high regard for his virtues, therefore—

Resolved 1st: That we most unfeignedly lament the loss which we have sustained in the death of our fellow member, Warren Reed.

Resolved 2nd: That the members of this lyceum attend the burial of Mr. W. Reed and wear in respect to him the usual badge of mourning for the space of 30 days.

Resolved 3rd: That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the afflicted relations of the deceased and that a copy also be sent to the Virginia Advocate and Richmond Whig for publication.

Peter White, Chairman

James W. Mason, Secretary"

It is odd that one hundred and fourteen years later this document, yellow with age, should be in the possession of the great-great niece of Warren Reed.

The visits of Grandmother Richardson, or some of her daughters, to one or more of these cousins, was a frequent event. A letter from Grandmother to Mother dated, Chambersburg, Aug. 1886 "I have been playing backgammon with Uncle Ludo (Reed) and Cousin John. Uncle Ludo gammoned me first game then I gammoned him and beat him two or three times, but becoming conscience stricken I gave him the rest."—"This is a very pleasant old home with a good deal of ground. Uncle Ludo will be ninety-six next month, hears perfectly and is quite spry. Aunt Charlotte over 80 and you might take her for 75. Cousin Lizzie is well and as pretty as ever."

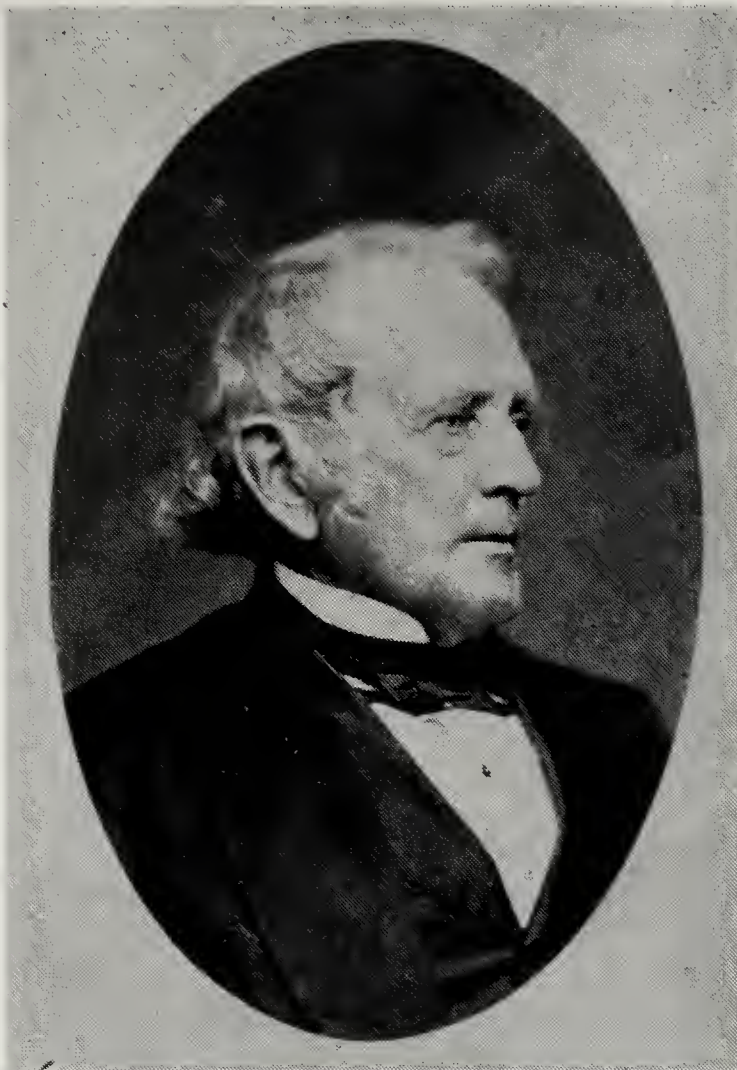
This competition at backgammon is characteristic of Grandmother Richardson, who loved any game and always played to win. In turn the visits of these various cousins to Ware were a delight. I have always thought it quite extraordinary that when some of the Virginia family, whose sympathies were with the South during the Civil War and who suffered losses of family and property, came North for a long visit with Grandfather and Grandmother no serious friction resulted, a good commentary on their mutual respect and affection.



About 1933 or 34, Cousin Kate Bradley was visiting the Reeds in Richmond. One evening at a dinner her host said "I knew long ago one Northerner I thoroughly admired and I have two good pictures of him." Sending a servant for them he handed her the picture of none other than her second cousin by marriage, my grandfather, Coolidge Richardson.

# *Hartwell*

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JOSEPH WARREN HARTWELL

Clarissa Reed's parents were not at first at all disposed to allow her to marry Joseph Warren Hartwell. They did not consider him "as liable to make her happy". The reason I never knew. At any rate they seem to have been mistaken in their estimate of him. He took Clarissa to Ware to an exceedingly comfortable home and as time passed on became a successful and influential man in his community. Captain Hartwell, as he was always known, became a good deal of a politician, serving



at various times in almost every public office in the town. He represented his district in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1863. In Ware he was interested in establishing various manufacturing projects, and had real estate interests throughout the State. His advice and judgment in financial matters was sought up to the time of his death.

Clarissa and Joseph Hartwell, beside daughter Clara, had three sons John, Joseph, and Warren. John's might well be called the "Story of a Short Life". Born in Ware in 1822, he graduated from Amherst 1843 and took his medical degree from Harvard. He then married and settled in Augusta, Maine. Three children followed rapidly, Pamela his wife dying at the birth of her little daughter Pamela at the age of twenty-five. Dr. John died two years later, August 22, 1855 at the age of thirty-three. I have one of Dr. John Hartwell's medical books. As a girl I would always have a heartache when told of these orphan children, Fred, James, and Pamela, who were brought up by their grandparents.

The daughter of Joseph Hartwell, Mary Belle, born in 1850, grew up to be a close friend of her cousins, Mother, Aunt Marie, and Aunt Harriet. She was early orphaned. Her father died when she was nine years old. As a young woman she was sent to Italy to continue her musical education and lived there years at a time.

Great-grandfather Hartwell died in 1879 when I was four years old, but I have a clear picture of him in a paisley dressing gown—a very tall, lean handsome man who looked at me over his gold bound glasses and invited me to sit on his knee.

Great-grandfather's house was only across the garden from Grandfather Richardson's. I was there daily; the visits to "the other house" were frequent, and so a vivid remembrance. When the old man died, he had one child living, Clara Hartwell Richardson, ten grandchildren: Mary Belle Hartwell, Helen C. Hartwell-Stone, Pamela C. Hartwell-Bugden; Joseph A. Hartwell, Frederick T. Hartwell, Carrie Virginia Richardson-Baker, Marie Anita West, Harriet Gardner Richardson, Charlotte Houghton Richardson, and Martha Reed Richardson. Four great grandchildren: Edward Marshall West, Charles Howard West, Harriet Virginia Baker, Ruth Sears Baker, Clara Persis Baker.



# Richardson

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The name "Richardson" is derived from the combination of the Saxon words signifying "generous in disposition, love, wealth or what-not". It was also a common name among the Normans. We find it among no other people.

The transition of the name "Richard" to "Richardson" occurred soon after the Norman Conquest. William Belward, Lord of Malposse, had two sons. The younger was called "Richard", his son—"Richardson". Burke, in *Landed Gentry in Great Britain*, states that the Richardson family is doubtless of Norman origin. It was settled in Norfolk, Yorkshire, and Durham as early as the sixteenth century and had already arrived at eminence in civil, literary, and ecclesiastical walks of life. The family spread into Gloucestershire, Nottinghamshire, Sussex, Surrey, Shropshire, Wales, and at length into Scotland and Ireland. The details of the coats of arms granted to the various branches of the family are given in Burke.

Thomas Richardson of Stanton and Catherine Duxford of West-Mills, Herts, were married at West-Mills, August 24, 1590. They had at least seven children. According to the register in the church at West-Mills, Catherine was buried March 10, 1631. Thomas was buried January 7, 1633. Their son Samuel was baptised December 22, 1602. July 13, 1634, Samuel was made executor of his father's will, which was probated at Hitchen in the archdeaconridge of Huntingdon.

There is rather an interesting coincidence concerning the signing of Thomas Richardson's will, March 4, 1630. "It was sealed and declared in the presence of us, Richard Baker, and Philip Baker, Proven July 31, 1634, at Hitchin, presented by son Samuel Richardson." Just 139 years later, to the month, the granddaughter of Samuel Richardson, of the eighth generation in descent, was to marry a Baker in Ware, Massachusetts. Eight miles north of West-Mills, where Thomas Richardson and Catherine Duxford were married, is the Parish of Ware, England.

In 1629, Charles Chauncey, later a President of Harvard College, became the vicar of Ware. His speeches were frequently in praise of the Puritans and disparagement of the State authority. In anticipation of the changes between Church and State, he said that some families were preparing to go to New England.

In 1630, Ezekiel, the eldest son of Thomas and Catherine, came to New England, probably in the Winthrop fleet. He was the first Richardson to land on the shores of New England. He became a "planter" in Charlestown, Massachusetts. Samuel and a younger brother, Thomas, arrived in 1636, a year later than Francis Baker.

Samuel married, about 1635, Joanna—would that we knew her surname. We find Samuel, in 1637, listed as a surveyor of highways in Charlestown. On November 5, 1640 the Church of Charlestown chose seven men, among them Samuel and Thomas, as commissioners for the erection of a new church and town upon land granted "to be entirely distinct and separate from Charlestown". All this land was wilderness. The committee were obliged to spend nights without shelter, "whilst the rain and snow did bedew their rocky beds."

In 1642, this town was incorporated under the name of "Woburn", from Woburn in Hertfordshire, England, where there was an ancient abbey founded in 1155. The church in Woburn was established August 14, 1642. The three brothers lived near each other, on the same street, which has been known ever since as "Richardson Row". It runs almost due north and south in that section of Winchester which was a part of Woburn until 1850.

Samuel was selectman of Woburn from 1644 to 1651. In 1645, the records show that he paid the highest tax of any man in Woburn, indicating at least a relative degree of prosperity in a new country. Samuel died March 23, 1658. The inventory of his estate is dated March 29, 1658. His widow, Joanna, and eldest son, John, were appointed administrators. The will of Joanna is dated June 20, 1666. Samuel and Joanna had eight children.

#### SAMUEL<sup>II</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>I</sup>

Samuel, the third son of Samuel and Joanna, was born in Woburn, May 22, 1646. He married four times: first, Martha; second, Hannah Kingsley; third, Phoebe Baldwin; fourth, Sarah Haywood.



Hannah Kingsley met a tragic death. On the afternoon of April 10, 1676, Samuel and his little six-year old son were in a field some distance from the farm house on Richardson Row when they heard shrieks. Rushing to the house, they found that Hannah, her newborn baby, and the twin of the little boy with his father had been slain by the Indians. Samuel gathered together his neighbors, pursued and killed the Indians. During King Philip's War in 1675 and 1676 about six hundred settlers in Massachusetts, Plymouth Colony and Rhode Island were killed.

Samuel's fourth wife, Sarah Haywood, daughter of Nathaniel Haywood of Malden, Massachusetts, was born in 1655. She survived her husband and died at the age of 62. Her will is dated 1717. By his four wives Samuel had fifteen children.

DAVID<sup>III</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>II</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>I</sup>

David, the youngest son of Samuel and Sarah, was born April 14, 1700. He married Esther Ward, May 21, 1724. She died in childbirth in 1726. On October 26, 1726, David married her sister, Remember Ward. They were the daughters of John Ward of Newton, granddaughters of William Ward of Sudbury. Remember died August, 1760.

David took a third wife, January 28, 1762, Abigail Holder of Westminster. In all David had two children by Esther, twenty-two by Remember, none by Abigail. The children were all born in Newton.

SAMUEL<sup>IV</sup>, DAVID<sup>III</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>II</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>I</sup>

Samuel, the fourth child of David and Remember, was born April 25, 1734. He appears with the rank of lieutenant on the Lexington Alarm Roll of Captain Jeremiah Wiswall's Company, which marched on the Alarm of April 19, 1775, from Lexington. He also appears with the rank of lieutenant on Muster and payroll of Captain Wiswall's Company, Colonel Hatch's Regiment, enlisted March 4, 1776, discharged March 9, 1776. He was among those who marched by order of General Washington at the taking of Dorchester Heights. His name appears among a list of officers of the Massachusetts Militia chosen by company and accepted by Council, April 29, 1776, as first lieutenant in Joseph Fuller's (Newton Second Company), Captain Samuel Thatcher's (1st Middlesex Company) Regiment from 1777. He served for four years as selectman and was a large land owner



as indicated by records of deeds of land sold by him in Middlesex County.

On December 1, 1760, he married Sarah Parker, daughter of Ebenezer and Mindwell Bird Parker of Newton. They had six children. Samuel died at 71 years of age, December 25, 1803, survived by his second wife who was a widow when he married her—Sarah Holland—by whom he had had three more children.

EBENEZER<sup>V</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>IV</sup>, DAVID<sup>III</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>II</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>I</sup>

Ebenezer, third son of Samuel and Sarah (Parker), was born March 20, 1770. On November 25, 1791 he married Rhoda Coolidge, daughter of David and Dorothy Stearns Coolidge of Watertown. He was a captain of militia and in 1808 removed to Dublin, New Hampshire, where he was a farmer for the rest of his life. His farm was on the western side of the township and near Stone Pond. He served as selectman of the town from 1813 to 1815. He died February 17, 1850, aged 84.

Ebenezer and Rhoda had four children, all born in Newton.

SAMUEL<sup>VI</sup>, EBENEZER<sup>V</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>IV</sup>, DAVID<sup>III</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>II</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>I</sup>

The second child and only son, Samuel, was born January 13, 1795. At an early age he told his father that he "wanted to be a doctor." At that period the custom was for a young man to be taken into the home of an established physician, study, and recite to him, go about with him on his daily rounds, assist in compounding the drugs and do many other tasks, until it was established that he had a real taste and ability for medical work. Samuel studied first with Moses Kidder and Dr. Stephen H. Spaulding of Dublin, New Hampshire. Later with Dr. Amos Mitchell, a graduate of Dartmouth and a famous physician of Keene, New Hampshire. Then he went to Harvard. Upon receiving his degree, he began practice in Peterborough, New Hampshire and moved from there to Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1838, where he lived the rest of his life.

In 1819 Samuel married Mary Kidder, daughter of Isaac and Mary Kidder of Townsend, Massachusetts. Their only son Ebenezer Coolidge was born at his grandfather Kidder's in Townsend April 25, 1820, the seventh generation of Richardsons in New England. He was my grandfather and officiated at my birth.

The only other children of Samuel and Mary were Sarah Elizabeth, born April 1829, died at an early age of scarlet fever,





MARY KIDDER RICHARDSON

and Harriet Caroline, born May 18, 1822. She married Symmes Gardner of Boston.

The first Thanksgiving of which I have even the faintest recollection was celebrated at Great-grandfather Richardson's in Watertown. I was fascinated by his great height and by the fact that there were two steps down into the dining room.

Great-grandfather belonged to a group of Boston physicians of the early 19th Century whose names are remembered not only for their own achievements, but because of the reputation in the present scientific world of their grandsons and great-grandsons.

I have books from Great-grandfather's medical library many having some of these names inscribed on their fly leaves to their friend "Sam. Richardson". One volume has unique interest. It is: "*Anatomical, pathologic and therapeutic research on the yellow fever of Gibraltar of 1828*. Paris by R. Ch. A. Louis, Hotel Doin, translated by G. C. Shattuck, M.D., Boston 1839." On the fly leaf Great-grandfather wrote "This volume included in the annual tax of the Mass. Medical Society, 1840. Each fellow entitled to one who pays his tax." "*A treatise of vapors and historic fits* by John Purcell, M.D. London. Dedicated to the Hon. Sir John Talbott, 1707." "*The Modern Theory & Practice of Physic* by Brown Langwick (?) London 1764 dedicated to Sir Hans Sloane, Bart." and others that I discovered at an early age, so intrigued me that when eventually they came into Mother's possession I asked for them and she gave them to me the year I began to study medicine, "Harriet Virginia Baker from Mamma 1896." I might say that these volumes were the cause of a lifelong bibliomania.

Great-grandfather from 1864 to 1871 kept a rather fragmentary diary which I possessed for a long time. It was badly torn but I was able to read enough of it to derive a few rather vivid impressions of the old gentleman. He apparently carried on a very active correspondence with his two children, as there were almost daily entries "wrote Coolidge a long letter today" or "received an interesting letter from Harriet—wrote her." On May 1, 1864 he wrote: "With my grandson, Charles Gardner and kin went to Church and communion, it being just three years this day since my dear wife communed for the last time on earth, but now is in communion, with saints like herself, in Heaven—melancholy thought, relieved from her suffering on earth to enter eternal



rest where there is no pain or sorrow. God grant I may be as well prepared as she was to be welcomed by angels to that rest above, to be again united with her, the best of beings." Great-grandfather seemed often to have served as deacon in the church services.

The 60's and 70's were the eras of active lyceums and lectures on every subject under the sun. Boston was a center of such intellectual entertainment as evidenced by the entry: "Attended a lecture in Boston this morning on Dreams and Dreaming." His attendance at medical society meetings was quite regular but most of all he enjoyed informal intercourse with a large circle of friends. After a trip to Ware, he wrote, "Coolidge's second daughter, Carrie, pleases me very much."

I was rather amused at traces of "old age security" in Massachusetts during this period, as indicated by this statement: "Made an affidavit today to obtain State aid for the following women: Mrs. McGusset of Stockbridge, Mrs. Ward of Brookfield; Mrs. Ellen Sullivan of Orange, widely separated sections of the State."

Aunt Harriet Gardner and her family sailed for Europe on the Steamship "China" in June, 1865. Great-grandfather seemed to be greatly relieved of anxiety for her safety by the receipt of a "long letter from Switzerland in August."

EBENEZER COOLIDGE<sup>VII</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>VI</sup>, EBENEZER<sup>V</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>IV</sup>,  
DAVID<sup>III</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>II</sup>, SAMUEL<sup>I</sup>

Greatly to his father's delight, Coolidge (he was never called Ebenezer), when quite young evinced a strong desire to study medicine and surgery. He also developed a taste and unusual talent for the violin. In this he was aided and abetted by his mother. When he was ready for Harvard, his father said, "No man can serve two masters," and took his violin away from him. However, when he graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1842, family tradition has it there was a grand celebration and gathering of the clan; and with all graciousness, Great-grandfather returned the violin to Coolidge with the remark, "You have probably forgotten how to play." Imagine the surprise when Grandfather played better than they had ever heard him play. His explanation was "whenever I had a night off from study I played in the orchestra of some theatre in Boston."

Once Grandmother showed me a letter from the great Scand-



inavian violinist, Ole Bull, in which he wrote that "he considered Dr. Richardson the best amateur player he heard during his tour in the United States." Throughout his life, music was a delight and a solace for the weariness of mind and body from which every physician at times suffers.

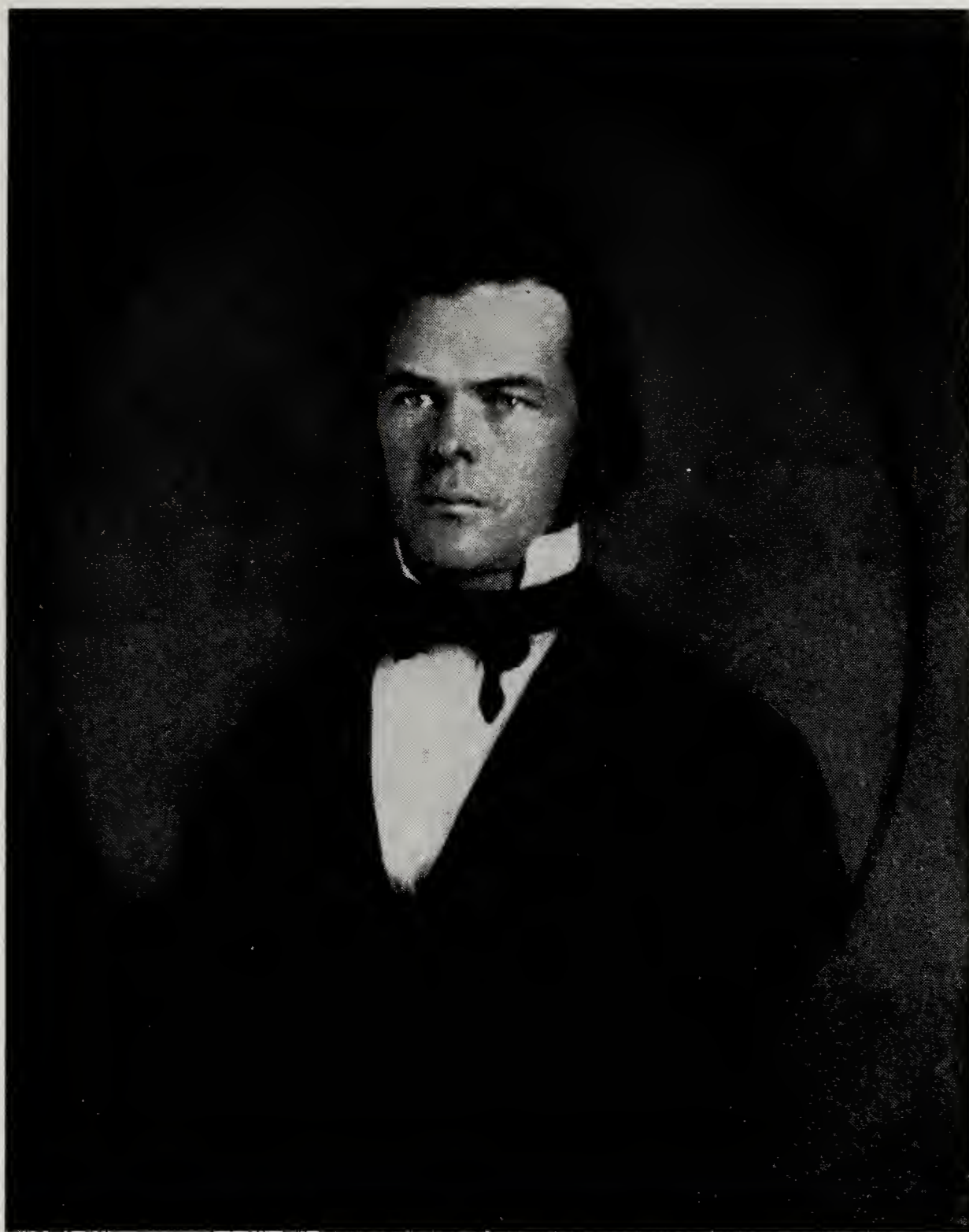
Mother often told me that as a child she would be wakened in the middle of the night by the strains of a symphony. Her father and mother would be studying together. Often if grandfather had a call that would take him out in the evening, he would say to Grandmother, "You go to sleep and when I come home I will waken you and we will work a bit together." Mother's reaction was "if I have children at least in the night we will have no music."

I confidently believe that his musical ability gave Grandfather a certain sensitiveness and understanding in his contacts with others that endeared him to an unusual degree to his patients. Thoroughly devoted to his profession, he always gave of himself in his practice. When he first went to Ware an epidemic of typhoid was raging, which was a great test for the young practitioner. As the years went by, he was called frequently in consultation throughout central and western Massachusetts. Those were the "horse and buggy days". In his case it had to be *horses* since his regular work took him daily to neighboring towns. Only a magnificent physique could have endured the life.

Clara Reed Hartwell born April 15, 1830 was the joy and delight of her parents' life and everything was done for her happiness and education. She first had private teachers at home, then was sent to Belchertown Academy where she prepared and passed all her entrance examinations for Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary as it was then known. In 1837 Mary Lyon had opened the seminary, a pioneer institution for the higher education of young women. Throughout her girlhood, Clara was a close companion of her father. Her greatest pleasures were long horseback rides with him in the lovely country around Ware and visits to her grandparents in Bolton.

Both her mother and father were determined that she should have good musical instruction on the piano, and in singing. How grateful she was to them for this training after she was married. Just before she was to enter Mt. Holyoke, she went to Boston for a visit with a close friend of her mother's. All Boston was





EBENEZER COOLIDGE RICHARDSON

agog with reports of the fortunes told by an Egyptian crystal gazer. Nothing would suffice but Clara and her girl friends must pay the Egyptian a visit. Grandmother herself told me the result. "You will soon marry a tall man you have never met. I see him going in and out of houses. I see him playing a musical instrument. He is much older than you are. You will have many children. Your first great sorrow will be the death of next to your last child. Your husband will die many years before you." Crossing Boston Common one afternoon, Dr. Coolidge Richardson was attracted by a young girl he saw walking with a friend. At a safe distance he followed her home and then went about discovering her identity and through a Harvard classmate secured an introduction and an invitation to a dance that was shortly given in her honor. Grandmother always declared the result was love at first sight, on her part as well as his. This was truly a whirlwind courtship. They were married in 1847 when Coolidge was twenty-seven and Clara but seventeen. There is a picture of Clara Hartwell at this period with large brown eyes, a mass of curly hair, a very merry expression. She must have had a slight figure, for she had small hands and feet. We can imagine her a lovely bride on her wedding day in the pale pearl-colored brocaded silk that had been brought from China by a Reed uncle, who had made the grand tour. He also brought the finest embroidered mull for gowns and lovely silk sashes. These gowns I was allowed to wear as a girl to fancy dress parties—a desecration I greatly regret as I ruined them.

When Grandfather Hartwell consented to his daughter's marrying Ebenezer Coolidge Richardson, it was with the understanding that Grandfather would practice in Ware for five years. The canny old man knew that if successful, no physician would so soon change his location. He also promised to build and give to them a house. The latter promise he fulfilled in full measure. The house built in the general Greek revival era had the four classic columns supporting the portico, a hanging balcony on the second floor with a charming iron balustrade. There was a wing for Grandfather's office and ample space for the many grandchildren.

In the center of the house was the long music room with five windows extending from ceiling to floor, containing a Chickering concert grand piano and violins on and under the piano. This





CLARISSA HARTWELL RICHARDSON

room at first was divided by two Grecian columns, which later unfortunately were moved and an arch substituted. As a small child I thought it great fun to squeeze between those pillars and the wall, even if a few buttons were lost in the process. It seemed that the domestic arts had not been emphasized in Clara Hartwell's education; so when Clara and Coolidge moved into their new home, Great-grandmother installed her old housekeeper to care for them, and care for them she did but in her own way. She could hardly take orders from the "chit of a child she had brought up" so Clara begged Great-grandmother to take her back and for some time Clara struggled as she often told me, with a merry laugh, with problems much more difficult for her than the accompaniments for violin for her husband.

Children came rapidly, the first in less than a year. Before this child was born, Grandmother made a long visit to her sister-in-law, Harriet Richardson Gardner, who had recently built a house in New York "almost out in the country" on 39th Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. While there she met the wife of a Spanish diplomat. They seemed to have had a mutual attraction for one another, for Madam George begged that if the expected baby were a girl, it should be named for her. It was Marie Anita.

After Marie Anita came a baby, Coolidge, who died in infancy; then came Carrie Virginia (Mother), born September 19, 1852; Harriet Gardner, two years later; then Charlotte Houghton and Martha Reed. After Martha's birth, so long an interval elapsed without a new baby that Mother told me the greatest care and attention was paid to Aunt Charlotte because she apparently was the next to the last "child".

In 1860 while making another long visit in New York with her sister-in-law Harriet Gardner, Clara Richardson had a memorable experience. The Prince of Wales, Edward VII to be, was making a visit to New York traveling incognito as Baron Renfrew. A ball was given for him in the old Academy of Music. There, to quote the New York Evening Post "gathered the most elegant ladies of American nobility, very much concerned to show the Prince and his suite that they were especially designed by Providence to ensure him an agreeable evening."

Clara Richardson and Harriet Gardner were among the "elegant ladies", the latter's gown of velvet with which she wore emeralds. When as a child I heard Grandmother describe



Aunt Harriet, I always thought of her as Cinderella at her first ball. Hamilton Fish presented the couples to His Royal Highness as they filed past. Suddenly there was a loud crack and the floor about the Prince's dais sank and a number of those in the procession were thrown down among the seats below. Not a cry was heard, carpenters were summoned and in a little over an hour the party was resumed and the Prince opened the ball with the Governor's wife, Mrs. Morgan.

Harriet Caroline Richardson Gardner must have been a woman of great charm. She certainly had every opportunity to acquire wide experience and knowledge of life on two continents during the middle years of the nineteenth century. She was brought up in the suburbs of Boston and married at an early age a very successful man. Shortly after their marriage the Gardners moved to New York, where they had a home until their death. Very often they spent months at a time in Paris where Harriet was frequently one of the close circle about Empress Eugenie. Harriet and Symmes Gardner had one child, Charles Richardson Gardner, whom I remember as my Mother's favorite cousin. He was a tall handsome man, a great tease, and like all the Richardsons very musical. At this time Franz Liszt was the greatest teacher of the piano and his "personal influence upon the musical world was probably more extensive than that of any single man in all the history of the art." During this period he lived either at Weimar or Bayreuth. When Charles Gardner studied with him I do not know, but I well remember at one time when listening to Aunt Marie practising a Liszt symphonic poem she looked up and said "did you know that Cousin Charles Gardner was a pupil of Liszt?" Some time in 1870 the Gardners sailed from New York for France. Grandfather Richardson went to New York to see them off. Just before the gangplank was taken in, Harriet ran down to the pier and throwing her arms about her brother's neck said, "Coolidge I shall never see you again. I was not going to tell you, but I cannot help it. My portrait was lying on its face this morning, the cord broke in the night." She died of pneumonia in Paris, March 4, 1871 having lived through the fall of the Second Empire and the tumult of the Commune, Thiers having formed a ministry, negotiated peace and ceded to Germany, through Bismarck, Alsace and Lorraine in a preliminary agreement, signed February 26, 1871.



Naturally it was a great disappointment to Clara and Coolidge Richardson that they had had no son. In 1870, Edward was born and the joy of the parents and children knew no bounds. When away from home at school or elsewhere, the constant inquiry of the girls was for the precious brother. When three years old, he contracted scarlet fever and died—the first great family sorrow. A year later a little daughter was born dead. So Edward was “next to the last child”. Edward’s death by so few years preceded me, that as a child I was often told stories of his actions and sayings and concluded it a privilege to sit in his little red chair with a horse’s head painted on the back; or drink out of his silver cup.

As Grandfather Ebenezer Coolidge Richardson was an only son, and his father an only son, the name of “Richardson” in our branch of the descendants of Samuel Richardson became extinct upon his death.

Marie Anita must have been a fascinating child, with her curly bronze hair and violet blue eyes. She was full of the joy of life; full too of music. By the time she was ten, she was learning some of her Father’s accompaniments and practising on the church organ as well as the piano. She was sent away to school, Framingham Academy, quite young, so that she might go into Boston for study with music masters. When she entered the academy she had at once to establish her honesty after having made the following astounding statement: “Her father’s name was Ebenezer Coolidge Richardson; her last instructor’s name Ebenezer Gibbs; her pastor’s name Ariel Ebenezer Parish Perkins.” This was the truth but she was quite capable of having fabricated the names as all her life she had the imagination of an artistic storyteller and a bit of a gift in poetic writing as well. Grandfather once told me that as a boy he so hated his first name Ebenezer that he asked his mother why she had so handicapped him. All that he gained was the austere “if you are only half as good as the grandfather for whom you were named, I shall be content.” While taking her music lessons Marie was allowed to try her hand at painting. This she continued with a certain degree of success as long as she lived.

The “Dance of the Birds” she wrote and illustrated and published privately for the family only, after she was fifty. When Aunt Marie was nineteen she went with her father and mother to Springfield to attend a concert to be given by the great English





HARRIET RICHARDSON GARDINER

opera singer, Parepa Rossa. Just as the concert was to begin, it was announced that the accompanist had suddenly been taken ill and they would have to find someone to take his place. Somehow Aunt Marie was discovered in the audience and was asked to take his place. She went to the piano and played at sight the accompaniments. Imagine the applause, and the pride of her parents. It was impossible that so fascinating and talented a girl should not early have had numerous admirers. She would have none of them. I remember once when she wanted to impress me with the odds against me because of my very poor marks in spelling, she said "my dear, I once refused an attractive young man because he wrote to me as his 'beloved angle'." However, she did marry in 1873, Marshall Otis West and had four children. She never forsook her first love, her piano, but practised hours daily and at times like her parents, nightly. Never in my entire life have I heard any amateur play Chopin as she did and her interpretation of the sonatas of Beethoven was outstanding.

Late one fall afternoon she took me with her up into the organ loft of the Old Congregational Church in Ware. I crawled onto a deep window ledge and soon as the moon rose she softly played and so introduced me to the Moonlight Sonata. What an impression to leave with a young girl! As the years went on and Aunt Marie would come every Thanksgiving with her family for a long visit, it gave me a keen pleasure to turn the music for her and so learn much that often has to be acquired by dull methods. Our grandparents always expected, in fact demanded, that children and grandchildren should contribute something to the musical program always prepared for Thanksgiving. Aunt Harriet had a good contralto voice and after graduating from Mt. Holyoke, where she completed the four-year course in three years, studied voice culture with teachers in Boston and New York. Aunt Charlotte was a bit of a wit and frequently wrote comic verses exposing the family characteristics and failings. She had a lyric voice bordering on the coloratura. We, the small fry, used to love to try and imitate her singing of "Ah Gentle Summer Zephyrs Whisper Low" to the ballet music of *Sylvia*. Grandmother, Aunt Marie, Mother, and Aunt Harriet were exactly the same height 5 feet, 8 inches and very stout, so we called them the heavy artillery while Aunt Charlotte, Aunt Martha, who were younger, were very short





CARRIE VIRGINIA RICHARDSON



and therefore known as the light artillery. Mother (Carrie Virginia) and Aunt Harriet were only two years apart. They roomed together and were very close companions. They must have been full of pranks and a handful to manage. When they were small, Grandmother had a housekeeper—we would now call her a “Mother’s Helper”—named Mrs. Burbank. One night when trying to say her prayers in the next room—she was an ardent Methodist—she was thoroughly infuriated by their giggles and went in and admonished them with “You are like nothing other than a Hee-Hee’s nest with a haw-haw egg in it.” One morning Mother (Carrie Virginia) remonstrated with Mrs. Burbank, for interrupting her at her bath, only to be told “I saw many a naked girl long before you were born.”

Mother almost died from scarlet fever when she was ten years old, and in fact was never again robust. She was a constant reader and an ardent student of mathematics. In spite of frequent interruptions in her studies she entered Mt. Holyoke at sixteen with honors in Latin and mathematics. She truly may be said to have thoroughly enjoyed study and when she was reading would be so absorbed that nothing going on about her would in the least disturb her. Her children can testify how many times after courteous and gentle methods had failed to gain her attention they would fairly shriek “Ring the church bells for Mamma,” whereupon she would look up and say “did you children wish to speak to me?”

Life in Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary in 1869 must have been most strenuous. Grandmother, fearing for the health of her delicate daughter wrote, “When you write tell me how you are—dress warmly, buy yourself a pair of arctics and do not rise before a quarter past six, don’t work too hard nor study too hard, nor expose yourself unnecessarily. Are you willing to take the necessary steps to be excused from attending church but half a day, also from walking? You understand yourself, well enough to be able to answer me these questions truthfully setting aside your inclination to remain, remember your health is of more importance to you than all the schooling you could get at the expense of your health. We should feel that we were doing you a great injustice in keeping you there.” In spite of her anxiety, Grandmother had to give the latest family musical items. “We have just formed a new musical society, your Father is President. Marie played at the first meeting.” Then intimate



family news and "it is hard to write with people talking all the time and calling 'Mother' every two minutes and it is harder yet to make them understand there are two kinds of people in the world, those that talk and think little and those that think much and talk little."

Carrie remained at Mt. Holyoke two years and then her Father, believing that she was overtaxing her strength, insisted that she remain at home. The only letter I have, written by Grandfather to Mother while at Mt. Holyoke, is characteristic of many a male parent to a child in college:

"Ware, November 6, 1868; Your Mother is now in Bath, Maine. As soon as she returns, your carpet will be sent. We are all well. Hattie, Lottie and Martha are all going to school. Your Mother and Mary stayed in Watertown until the first of the week and went to Bath on the boat Tuesday eve. I have not heard from them this week but expect to this eve. Affectionately, E. C. Richardson."

In 1861 Grandfather was appointed surgeon of the Board of Enrollment of the Ninth Massachusetts district, stationed at Greenfield. He served in this capacity for nearly three years. There is a good story I remember hearing Grandmother tell of receiving a telegram early one morning "Will arrive with a dozen officers for dinner." She was ready for them with a collation that only housewives of that generation knew how to prepare, after which they had music until midnight, driving through the night to be on duty in the morning. Fatigue was never considered when good music was at stake. One snowy day when Grandfather had been out most of the previous night, he came in at noon and announced to Grandmother "Jenny Lind is to sing in Springfield (25 miles distant) this evening, hurry to dress and we will start at once." Fortunately Grandmother was as good a sport as Grandfather and they had a never-to-be forgotten treat. It is almost impossible for us today, who believe that successful surgery so largely depends upon all that a modern hospital implies, to credit the results that were so often achieved by the well-trained country practitioner in the middle of the last century. When I was a young girl, filled with ambition to study medicine and heard tales from some of Grandfather's patients of what he had done for them, my pride in him was intense. Grandfather was a close student and lover of nature. On the long drives that I often took with him, beginning with the day when I had to have my feet on a box in order to hold



my position on the slippery leather seat—he would stop in the woods that I might hear a bird's song that he would identify, adding a description of the bird's color, size and habits, or he would call my attention to animal tracks. Often he would tell me of boyhood visits to the home of his grandfather in Dublin, New Hampshire. One story of a night spent on Mt. Monadnock when he and his boy companion had been thoroughly frightened by a bear, would properly thrill me, although not as much as the Indian massacre already referred to. A born storyteller, he would adapt himself easily to the age of his listeners.

A great reader, he led his children and grandchildren to sources of everlasting delight. He introduced me to Dickens by fascinating me with the Cruikshank illustrations in his early edition. Greek he loved and read aloud his Greek Testament to give us the rhythm of it. His copy of the Koran in the original has disappeared, I know not where. He hated a self-conscious person—gossip, selfishness in any form—they did not become a “well-bred” person; only perfect honesty was acceptable. A tall man, he had a grace and I use the word advisedly, that is hard to describe. After he died, one friend of Mother's said, “one must always remember how Dr. Richardson would enter a room or greet you on the street.” Altogether, his was a personality bound to have a tremendous influence upon the granddaughter determined to try to carry on the family medical tradition. Often she would be allowed to accompany him on his rounds, occasionally to watch some surgical dressings, all as a test. He told her parents that apparently his first granddaughter had inherited his love of medicine and they should not discourage her desire, strange as it might seem to them.

The following is an obituary which appeared in the Boston and Springfield papers:

“Ebenezer Coolidge Richardson, M.D., who was for forty-three years a prominent physician in Ware, was born at Townsend, Mass., April 25th, 1820, and died in Ware, January 10th, 1886. He was the only son of Dr. Samuel Richardson and Polly (Kidder) Richardson, the latter a niece of the famous Dr. Moses Kidder of Lowell. His only sister, Harriet Richardson Gardner, died in Paris, March 4th, 1871.

Dr. Richardson graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1842 and settled in Ware about 1845-46. He acquired an extensive practice there and in the surrounding towns, and became widely known. Dr. Richardson was entirely devoted to his profession. In him were combined all the qualities of a successful practitioner. He was highly



valued in consultation with prominent physicians throughout Massachusetts.

He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Association. He was also connected with the Brookfield Medical Club, and was surgeon of the Ware J. W. Lawton Grand Army Post. At the time of the Civil War, Dr. Richardson accepted a Government appointment as surgeon of the Board of Enrollment for the ninth District of Massachusetts, being stationed at Greenfield.

Returning to Ware after a little more than two years' service, he resumed his practice, and in the succeeding year was appointed the district examining surgeon for government pensions.

Dr. Richardson was an accomplished musician, being more than ordinarily skillful on the violin. His sensitive musical temperament enabled him to enter deeply into the feelings of others. He was always good to the poor and distressed, in many instances refusing pay for his services. He was a member of the East Congregational Church of Ware for thirty years.

Shortly after coming to Ware, Dr. Richardson married Clarissa Reed Hartwell, the only daughter of Captain Joseph Hartwell of Ware."

Clara Hartwell Richardson died August 17, 1895. She is buried beside her husband in Ware, Massachusetts—the following notice was published soon after her death.

"As a young woman Mrs. Richardson studied vocal and instrumental music in Boston and was an accomplished musician. A prominent feature of former times was the musical festivals held in Ware, Brookfield, and neighboring towns. In these Dr. and Mrs. Richardson took an active part as soloists.

Mrs. Richardson was a woman of great strength of character yet she had a manner that charmed old and young alike. Love was the keynote of her life, love of God and man. She ever exercised broad charity and her foresight, judgment and gentle words and deeds of kindness will long live in the hearts of her many friends—a beautiful and blessed memory."

#### Children of Coolidge and Clara Richardson:

Marie Anita, married Marshall O. West.

Coolidge, died in infancy.

Carrie Virginia, married Edwin Howard Baker.

Harriet Gardner, married Osborne M. Billings.

Charlotte Houghton.

Martha Reed, married Oliver Barrett.

Edward, born in 1870, died 3 years later.

Two other children died in infancy.

# Atwater

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MARY ELIZABETH POWELL<sup>VIII</sup>, JULIA ANN ATWATER<sup>VII</sup>, JARED<sup>VI</sup>,  
JARED<sup>V</sup>, DAVID<sup>IV</sup>, JOSHUA<sup>III</sup>, DAVID<sup>II</sup>, DAVID<sup>I</sup>

The English ancestry of the Atwaters of the United States has been traced, in Royton in Lenham in Kent. By will of John Atwater of Royton whose will was proved July 1501, all the wills by which the lineage is traced are on record in Canterbury. No Atwater of Royton has a will recorded earlier than 1484.

Lenham is a town and parish of mid-Kent between Maidstone and Ashford. It is believed by some antiquarians to have been a Roman station as early as 804 A.D. The Kings of Mercia and Kent joined in a grant to the Abbott of the Monastery of St. Augustine near Canterbury of "certain lands in Lenham".

David<sup>I</sup> the youngest child of John and Susan Narsen Atwater was baptized in the church in Lenham October 8, 1615.

The religious dissensions in England in 1637 disheartened the wisest and strongest friends of civil and religious liberty, leading to the great emigration to New England when twenty vessels with three thousand passengers arrived in Boston June 26th of that year.

David with his sister Ann and older brother Joshua were of this number. The Atwater brothers were of the group who finally decided to settle in "Quinnipeack" later named New Haven. They arrived there in March 1638. The Constituent Assembly of these "Planters" was held June 4, 1639 in a Mr. Newman's barn, the plantation covenant was signed on that day by Joshua and David Atwater. Their autographs are to be seen in the first volume of the town records.

David married after 1643 when he appears alone on the list of planters with a valuation upon his estate of £500.

He married Damaris Sayer, daughter of Thomas Sayer of Southampton, Long Island, March 10, 1647. The name of





JARED ATWATER

"David Atwater's wife" was noted "among those seated in the meeting house".

The name "Cedar Hill" was given to the region assigned to David. His residence was located on land between East Rock and the River.

Damaris died April 7, 1691; David died October 5, 1692. Eleven children had been born to them.

David<sup>II</sup> son of David and Damaris was born July 13, 1650, married Joanna (there is unfortunately no record of her surname). They lived on land granted them by David's father. Joanna died December 5, 1722. David, January 10, 1736.

Joshua<sup>III</sup>, son of David and Joanna, born September 18, 1693, cultivated a portion of the original farm in New Haven, "Cedar Hill". He married, November 22, 1721, Anna Bradley. Joshua died January 29, 1773; Anna, September 8, 1760 in her 59th year.

David<sup>IV</sup>, the only son of Joshua and Anna was born September 15, 1723. November 20, 1746 he married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Bassett. She was born November 9, 17—. They lived at "Cedar Hill" and had twelve children.

March 1784 a committee was appointed at the New Haven Town Meeting to consider the treatment of the Tories. They reported: "It will be proper to admit as inhabitants such Tories as are of fair character." David Atwater's name is signed to the report with James Hillhouse, Pierpont Edwards and five others. Elizabeth died January 2, 1783; David March 4, 1806, at the close of the Revolutionary War.

Jared<sup>V</sup>, son of David and Elizabeth was born September 24, 1758. September 7, 1785 he married Eunice, daughter of Stephen and Eunice Dickerman. They lived at Cedar Hill, New Haven and had twelve children. Jared died February 28, 1813.

Jared<sup>VI</sup> fifth son of Jared and Eunice was born May 27, 1795; married three times. His third wife was Sarah Alderman. They lived at the corner of Academy and Green Streets. In 1832 they left New Haven and went first to Ovid, New York, then to Twinsburg, Ohio and then to Hopkins, Michigan.

The following obituary appeared March 1873.

"On Saturday night, 15inst at Hopkins, Allegan County, 'from the effects of being vaccinated,' Deacon Jared Atwater, father-in-law of William Powell, Esq., aged 77 years and 10 months.

"The old gentleman was a member of the Congregationalist Church for over fifty years and had held the office of Deacon in the church for forty years."





JULIA ATWATER POWELL



Julia Ann Atwater<sup>VII</sup>, daughter of Jared and Sarah Alderman was born August 9, 1824; married William Powell. They moved to Cherry Valley, Illinois, where five children were born. Their daughter Mary Elizabeth<sup>VIII</sup> was born November 27, 1852. A few years later the family moved to Rockford, Michigan and there she married Wesley Warren Hyde. Their firstborn was Fritz Carleton Hyde<sup>IX</sup>, followed by Ruth Agnes, Mark Powell, Dorothy.

It has been stated in a history of the Atwater family in America that "they were the offspring of a sturdy God-fearing people of whom all who bear the name may well be proud. The Colonial history of Connecticut would not be complete if the names of Joshua and David Atwater were omitted."

David is credited as the first signer of the Planters' Agreement and he assisted in the erection of the first house of worship completed in July 1640. The records show that David and Thomas Yale, father of Eli Yale, the first good angel of Yale College, sat in the 3rd seat. In the "women's seats" in the church, Mrs. David sat in the 7th.

Yale College was founded in 1701 by ten clergymen who all were graduates of Harvard. It did not gain its name until 1718 when Elihu Yale, who had amassed a large fortune in India, gave the money for the first college building. The trustees accordingly named it in his honor.

Damaris, daughter of David, married John, son of the John Penderson who was one of the "Seven Pillars" of New Haven church and state.

Tradition says that for two miles on what is now State Street, formerly called Fleet Street, leading from New Haven to North Haven, every house was owned and occupied by an Atwater. One Atwater house, which was located at 140 College Street when demolished, was coincident with the history of Yale for one hundred years and it is generally believed that it was built about 1743 and sheltered at one time or another many famous Yale men. From 1644-1656 the Rev. William Hooke, the first teacher in the Colony made his home with either David or Joshua. A record of his services reads in part "He hath twenty pounds, his chamber and dyet at Mr. Atwater's valued at 5 shillings per week . . . . If he be called away to some other employment for the honor of Christ he may go." His wife was a cousin of Oliver Cromwell and in 1656 the Rev. Hooke was



recalled to England to the position of private chaplain of Cromwell's household—"for the honor of Christ"?

David Atwater<sup>1</sup> by the wills recorded in Canterbury inherited, upon his death, from his father John, lands called "Parkfield" in Lenham and of "Randalle" in Boughton Malherbe; by the will of his uncle George the house, barns, buildings with all lands belonging to a place called "Grants Gale" in Royton.

Certainly not improvement in financial status but a strong belief in the necessities of liberty of thought and living drove David to emigrate to America.

# Hyde

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EDWARD EARL OF CLARENDON<sup>x</sup>, HENRY <sup>ix</sup>, LAURENCE<sup>viii</sup>,  
ROBERT<sup>vii</sup>, THOMAS<sup>vi</sup>, WILLIAM<sup>v</sup>, SIR JOHN<sup>iv</sup>, ROBERT<sup>iii</sup>,  
SIR ROBERT<sup>ii</sup>, MATHEW DE HYDE<sup>i</sup>

The name of Hyde is said to have been of Anglo-Norman origin and that Mathew de Hyde, a follower of William the Conqueror (1066), was the first bearer of the name to enter England.

Mathew<sup>i</sup>, was granted land in Cheshire and occupied a residence later known as "Castle de Hyde".

The line of succession is as follows:

- II. Sir Robert Hyde, of Hyde, Chester (13th century)
- III. Robert Hyde who married his cousin and heir to Thomas de Norbury of Norbury in Cheshire
- IV. Sir John Hyde of Norbury—son
- V. William Hyde—son (beginning 15th century)
- VI. Thomas Hyde—son
- VII. Robert Hyde—son
- VIII. Laurence Hyde—son
- IX. Henry of Purton in Wilts, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Longford of Trowbridge, Wilts. Their son Edward became the Earl and later Duke of Clarendon.

Sir Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, having been trained up to the study of law in the Middle Temple, London, and manifesting loyalty and fidelity to King Charles I, was made Chancellor of his Exchequer and afterwards one of the Privy Council.

After the Restoration he held the same offices for Charles II by whom in April 1661 he was made Viscount Cornbury and Earl of Clarendon.

By command of the King (Charles II) he wrote a History of the Rebellion.





CHARLES GOODELL HYDE



The title page of the eight-volume edition is as follows:

THE  
HISTORY  
of the  
REBELLION AND CIVIL WARS  
in  
ENGLAND

Begun in the year 1641

With the precedent Passages, and Actions,  
that contributed thereunto, and the happy  
end, and conclusion thereof by the King's  
blessed Restoration, and Return, upon the  
29th of May in the Year 1660.

Written by the Right Honorable Edward, Earl of  
Clarendon, late Lord High Chancellor of England,  
Privy Councillor in the Reigns of King Charles  
the First and the Second.

OXFORD

Printed at the Theater—An. Dom. MDCCXVII

July 10, 1634, he married Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury; by her he had four sons and two daughters: Anne married His Royal Highness, James, Duke of York, afterward King of England—by whom she was mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne; of the sons Henry, the eldest son, later became Earl of Clarendon; Laurence, Earl of Rochester; Edward, student of the Middle Temple, who died unmarried; James, who was drowned while on the Frigate "Gloucester", on his way to Scotland with the Duke of York; Edward, Duke of Clarendon died in France in December 1667, and is buried in Westminster.

It is not definitely known from which of the various illustrious branches of the Hyde family in England the original emigrants to America of the name were descended, but they are all believed to have been of common origin. Of our branch the following is definitely known:

William Hyde<sup>I</sup> came from England to Quebec in 1770. He married Margaret (surname unknown) their son

Charles<sup>II</sup> married Mary Ingles their son

Charles Goodell<sup>III</sup> married Elizabeth Ann Ray, they had eleven children; their eldest son Wesley Warren<sup>IV</sup> married Mary Elizabeth Powell, of Atwater descent; their son Fritz Carleton Hyde<sup>V</sup> married Harriet Virginia Baker.

Charles Goodell Hyde was one of twelve children. His father,



Charles, lived part of his life in Vermont (he or his father having gone there from Quebec). Hyde Park, Vermont, due south from Quebec, under the shadow of Mt. Mansfield, was named for a Planter Captain Jebediah Hyde. In that town and nearby Sudbury there lived many Hydes at the beginning of the eighteenth century, in this locality, Charles may well have had his farm. He later moved to Lima in the State of New York. There Charles Goodell was born April 3, 1821. About 1836 the family removed to Canadice in Ontario County. There he first attended school, later continued his education in Mendon, New York. After graduating he taught school for several years. March 23, 1844 he married Elizabeth Ann Ray, also of Canadice. In 1846 they purchased a farm in Armada, Macomb County, Michigan. During the succeeding years he partially cleared and "stumped" this property, still teaching school during the winter months. In 1860 he moved to Rockford where he was in mercantile business for twelve years meantime studying law. He was admitted to the Kent County Bar June 5, 1871, and continued an active practice until 1904 when he retired at the age of 83.

The following is from a long obituary published in Grand Rapids at the time of Charles Goodell Hyde's death in 1906.

"A man of great ability and high character who had a long useful and honorable career. His influence upon the community in which he lived was good and lasting. He was especially distinguished as a strong opponent of lawlessness and disorder, an ardent supporter of the things that make for good government and good citizenship, he was a Republican. He was laid to rest in the family lot in Rockford among the falling leaves of golden October."

Elizabeth Ann Ray Hyde was born in Canadice, New York February 22, 1820. She was the seventh and youngest child of John and Abigail Ray. She and her husband lived together sixty-three years, the last forty years in the house in which they died in Rockford, Michigan.

Elizabeth (called by her family Eliza) and Charles Goodell had eleven children, of whom five survived her, and eleven grandchildren. Her children had great respect for their mother's opinion and often went to her for counsel. She was a great reader, intensely interested in church and civic affairs in Rockford, and when she died was the oldest member of the church she had attended for so many years.

She died March 17, 1910.



"The tender loving words of her pastor, the hymns and the poems so beautifully rendered, the flowers from her many friends, all attest the esteem in which she was held. This appreciation was a most fitting close to a long and noble life." (*Quoted from an obituary by a friend.*)

Wesley Warren Hyde<sup>IV</sup>, the eldest son of Charles Goodell and Elizabeth Ann, was born in Armada, Michigan, August 17, 1853, was a man of rare character. He was a student all his life and as a result had an unusual appreciation of literature, drama, and music. It was an experience to hear him recite from memory long passages from Shakespeare or some other favorite author. His interest in the greatest study of all, mankind, led to his writing many papers on social relations and problems, aside from constantly contributing to legal publications.

The following are extracts from a sketch of his life published after his death:

"Wesley W. Hyde received his education in the grammar and high schools of Rockford, Kent Co., Mich. He studied law under the preceptorship of his father; was admitted to the bar of Michigan in 1875, and in that year began practice at Grand Rapids in association with his parent. While studying law he was an assistant in the office of the county clerk, Grand Rapids. In 1880 he was appointed assistant district attorney for the U. S. Court, Western District of Michigan. He formed a partnership with J. Edward Earle under the firm style of Earle & Hyde, and later the firm became Hyde, Earle & Thornton by the addition of Howard E. Thornton, and he remained its senior partner until his death.

"He was a member of the Michigan State Board of Law Examiners during 1896-1914, and was secretary of that body during 1899-1913. He was a member of various law associations; was for years president of the Civic Club, Grand Rapids, and a member of the board of Directors of the Associated Charities of that city. He held membership also in the Peninsular Club and the Kent Country Club, Grand Rapids. He was an enthusiastic golfer. He was a communicant of the Congregational Church.

"He was known as one of the most scholarly attorneys in Michigan. He was deeply interested in philosophy and sociology and was author of 'Social Guides'. His associates at the bar placed a high estimate on his forensic ability, and made interesting analysis of his intellectual gifts and mental habits. His integrity, his learning, his power and skill as a lawyer, commanded the highest respect, and in him were singularly blended the qualities of strength and gentleness, of unselfish purpose, absolute fearless fidelity to his own convictions and a quick and intelligent sympathy for those of others. He not only followed honest methods fearlessly and openly but there went with that honesty and directness of purpose and act.



"He married at Grand Rapids, Mich., March 16, 1875, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of William Powell, a manufacturer of Rockford, Mich.; They had four children: Fritz Carleton Hyde married Harriet Virginia Baker, Mark Powell married Alice Beals Baker, Ruth Agnes, who became the wife of Ralph W. McMullen, Detroit; and Dorothy, now Mrs. Freeman Nelson Pattison, Detroit.

"He died in Detroit, Mich., Dec. 18, 1917."

Fritz Carleton Hyde<sup>v</sup> was born June 3, 1876 in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His Aunt Harriet Hyde taught him his letters and to read and write, by "good old-fashioned methods", with the result that he wrote a little letter to his mother at the age of four. At eight he was sent to a German private school but only remained a few weeks as he violently rebelled against their methods which included sweeping the classroom floor. From that point until he entered college he attended the public schools of Grand Rapids, entering High School at the age of fourteen. He hated mathematics, but received such a fine foundation in French that he continued that subject in college with the result that throughout his life he enjoyed French literature and had no difficulty in conversing in the language whenever we were in France. His sports included both baseball and football. He was editor of the High School paper. Fritz was an enthusiastic collector of birds' eggs and throughout his life took an intelligent interest in the habits, life and distinguishing features of different species of birds. The eggs he collected as a boy, before leaving home for college, he very carefully packed in cotton in cases; unfortunately a small sister discovered them and punctured about three-quarters of the shells with her little finger. The remaining quarter are treasured by a grandchild.

The year Fritz was eighteen, 1894, he entered the University of Michigan as yet undecided as to the direction his work should follow. Always dramatic in his outlook on life, at this point he considered "either becoming a parson or an actor".

The legal father had always discouraged his studying law although that had been the favored field of the Hydés for generations. Instead he voiced, in no uncertain terms, his belief that Fritz's ability to handle people, his meticulous work in whatever he attempted, and his great facility with his hands should lead to success in the practice of medicine and later surgery. In his freshman year in the University he was elected President of his class. He was taking the combined six year

course for B.S. and M.D. degrees. The former he received in 1898, the latter in 1900.

Fritz Carleton Hyde, Jr.<sup>VI</sup> was born in Greenwich October 11, 1911. As a small boy he attended Brunswick School and there developed a fondness for football that certainly did not promote high marks at that period. When he entered Taft School in Watertown, Connecticut he was even more enthusiastic and played on the school team until he graduated in 1929. Fritz has always considered it to have been a privilege to have been in the school during the headmastership of Horace Taft. Even after he entered Yale Mr. Taft continued his friendship and would give helpful counsel whenever it was sought.

Fritz received his B.A. from Yale June 20, 1933. August 17, 1935 he married Betty Cornwall, daughter of Andrew Raymond and Florence Cornwall of Watertown, New York. Their children are:

Fritz Carleton 3d  
Andrew Cornwall  
Lawrence Dunbar



# *Baker*

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"FINIS CORONAT OPUS"  
(The End Crowns the Work)

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EDWIN HOWARD, JR.<sup>IX</sup>, EDWIN HOWARD<sup>VIII</sup>, EDWIN<sup>VII</sup>, SYL-  
VESTER<sup>VI</sup>, SETH<sup>V</sup>, PETER<sup>IV</sup>, JOHN<sup>III</sup>, JOHN<sup>II</sup>, FRANCIS<sup>I</sup>

The Bakers are of English origin. Burkes Lists thirty-four Baker coats of arms. Their lines of descent have been traced variously back to Fargallus, the 156th Monarch of all Ireland, to Robert Bruce of Scotland, and to Edward I of England.

On April 27, 1935 A. Kennedy of the College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, E. C., London, in response to an inquiry wrote: "In the Herald's Visitation of Kent taken 1619-1632, I find a long pedigree of the generation of Bakers of Battle, County Sussex, West Peckham and Groombridge, both of County Kent. Starting with John Baker of Battle, (1376) and ending 1630, the Arms allowed to George Baker, 1632, are described as, Argent (white) a tower between 3 keys sable (black) wards upward and decker (left).

'A wreath argent and sable issuant from a tower sable a decker arm embowered in chain mail for hand grasping a flint stone proper'."

When my grandfather, Edwin Baker, broke up his home, he gave Edwin Howard Baker the coat of arms on parchment which had been given him by his grandfather, Seth Baker. This parchment copy was later given by Father to a cousin after he had had a copy made for himself. This probably accounts for the fact that the wards of the keys, as we now have the arms, turn downward instead of upward.

Francis Baker<sup>1</sup> the first of our line in America, came from St. Albans in the ship "Planter", landing in Boston April 2, 1635. St. Albans in Hertfordshire was founded about 303 A.D.

when a church was built on the spot where St. Albans was martyred. In 1115 the great Norman church built by Paul of Caen, was dedicated. Its ruins are among the most important specimens of Norman architecture in England. In the market place stood the great clock house built by the Abbots in the reign of Henry VIII, also a grammar school built by Edward VI. Southwest of the Cathedral were the ruins of ancient Vercilam-ism, one of the earliest Roman settlements in England. In the 9th and 10th centuries the Abbots enlarged St. Albans which was confirmed to them as a borough. A Charter in 1560 incorporated the Mayor and Burgesses. At St. Albans, on a printing press set up in the Abbey, an early English translation of the Bible was printed. Such was the locale from which Francis Baker emigrated. He was then twenty-four years of age.

In June, 1641 Francis Baker<sup>r</sup> was "admitted to dwell" at Yarmouth on Cape Cod, but "not to have lands assigned formerly to others without their consent." Under this authority he settled at Follens Pond at the head of Bass River now in the Borough of Dennis and known as the "Baker Zone". Here seventy-five years ago were situated more than twenty-five houses owned by Bakers or descendants of owners of that name.

On June 17, 1641, Francis Baker married Isball Twining of Yarmouth, daughter of William Twining.

In 1643 and '44 there were uprisings among the Narragansett Tribes against the white settlers. William Twining was of the quota sent from the Plymouth Colony under the leadership of Miles Standish to subdue them. There was "delivered to each soldier on going forth, one pound of powder, three pounds of bullets and one pound of tobacco", but there is no record of any food rations. A treaty was signed in Boston August 27, 1644; so they were all discharged September 2, without having seen action. Francis and Isabel had eight children, reared in a house on Bass River. Francis became an influential man in the Colony. Shortly after his marriage he was appointed surveyor of highways, and in 1658 we find his name on the records as serving on the Jury. In 1658 for some reason he acquired land in Eastham near that of William Twining. This transaction may be found in the Eastham Town records.

On March 4, 1693 Francis made his will, which was duly registered by one Joseph Lothrop (Barnstable Probate Records, Book 2, Page 30). The language of the will is so quaint and the



bequests are so indicative of the simplicity of life on the Cape in the seventeenth century, that I quote it in full.

"In the name of God Amen. I, Francis Baker of Yarmouth in the County of Barnstable in New England being of disposing mind and memory at this time—Blessed be God. I do now make and ordaine this to be my last will and testament in manner and form following:

"I bequeath my soul to God that gave it to me and my body to the dust from which it was, in decent burial, and for that outward estate which God of his goodness hath given me. My will is, and I do will and give to my loving wife Isball all my housing and lands in ye bounds of Yarmouth both uplands and meadow land during her natural life also I do will and give to my said wife Isball all my cattle and all my movable estate for ye comfort of her life. She my sd wife paying all my just debts and leaves to my children hereafter mentioned.

I do will and give to my grandson Samuel Baker, ye eldest son of	
son Nathaniel,	two shillings
to my son John Baker	five shillings
to my son Daniel Baker	five shillings
to my son William	five shillings
to my daughter Elizabeth Chase	five shillings
to my daughter Hannah Pearse	five shillings

these aforesaid legacies to be paid unto all and every of my children above named within one year after my decease. Further my will is that what soever of my movable estate and cattle shall remain and not be expended neither by myself nor wife, that after our decease the remainder thereof, I do will and give unto my son Thomas Baker and to my son sd Thomas Baker after my decease and the decease of my wife Isball I do give all my housings, orchards and land and meadows what soever unto him and his heirs for ever, I say to my son Thomas Baker, his heirs and assigns forever, further I do ordaine nominate and appoint my loving wife Isball and my son Thomas Baker, executrix and executor to this my last will and testament where unto I have set my sign and seal this fourth day of March Anno Domini one thousand six hundred ninety two three.

F

The said mark B Francis Baker (seal)  
signed in presence of us

John Miller

John Okilia

*(Note the spelling of his wife's name and the date two three.)*

Francis died July 23, 1696 and so passed one who probably was the last of the first settlers on this section of Cape Cod. Isabel died May 16, 1706. The exact location of their graves is not known, but they are believed to be in the old burying ground near the railroad in South Dennis. Here a marker, inscribed with their names, was placed in recent years. About a mile south,

in the charming old church, which contains tablets engraved with the names of Bakers who for generations have served this town and county, there hangs a beautiful mural painting by one of America's great artists, Edwin Blashfield, who made South Dennis his home in the later years of his life. In this church too is one of the oldest pipe organs in America. Its case, made in London, is a fine example of a master cabinet-maker's work in that period.

On the road between South Yarmouth and Yarmouth there is a large tract of land marked by two granite stones, one inscribed "The Baker Path" and the other "The Baker Zone".

It is interesting to see how faithfully Francis adhered to the English custom and left all his estate to one son, simply mentioning the other members of his family with a few shillings to boot.

#### JOHN<sup>II</sup>, FRANCIS<sup>I</sup>

One can but wonder what the second son of Francis and Isball, born in 1645, had to offer Alice Pearse when he married her. All we know about her is that her father-in-law left her five shillings, that she had been baptised July 21, 1650, and that she bore seven children, three boys and four girls, and is buried in South Dennis beside John, who died in 1712.

#### JOHN<sup>III</sup>, JOHN<sup>II</sup>, FRANCIS<sup>I</sup>

John Baker, born May 31, 1672, married one Hannah, daughter of Abraham Jones, on April 13, 1699. They were a prolific pair, having fifteen children, eight boys and seven girls. These children were born between 1699 and 1726, a period of twenty-seven years. It is a matter of record that at least ten of them married into the families of the earliest settlers in the Colony, the Butlers, Folgars, Grays, O'Kelleys, Gages.

#### PETER<sup>IV</sup>, JOHN<sup>III</sup>, JOHN<sup>II</sup>, FRANCIS<sup>I</sup>

Peter, the fourth son of John and Hannah Jones, was born January 14, 1714. He married, May 3, 1744, Melatiah Gray, daughter of Joshua Gray. They had eleven children, six boys and five girls. The names of the latter are intriguing in their Biblical origin: Rebecca—who apparently never married; Ruth—who married Richard Weldon; Lydia—who married Prince Bearse; Naomi—who married Abel Fitch; Olive—who became the wife of Gideon Harding was their last child.



SETH<sup>V</sup>, PETER<sup>IV</sup>, JOHN<sup>III</sup>, JOHN<sup>II</sup>, FRANCIS

Seth, the second son of Peter, was born May 1, 1746. On May 1, 1775, he married Priscilla, daughter of David Taylor. The month before he was married—April 19, 1775—we find him appearing with the rank of private on the Lexington Alarm Row of Captain Jonathan Crowell's company, which marched from Yarmouth. On this date, in Sandwich, March 6, 1777, Seth appears on a list of officers of the Massachusetts Militia, chosen by field officers of the First Barnstable County Regiment as captain in the 11th Company (4th Company in Yarmouth Militia), ordered to be commissioned in Council, March 19, 1777; by which title he was known for the rest of his life.

In this connection, quotations from a letter to Colonel Freeman of Sandwich are illuminating.

"I congratulate you and our good friends in Sandwich on the grandest event that ever took place in America. I mean the recent battle of Concord. That seven hundred poor, despised Yankees (I glory in the name) should have put to flight and totally defeated seventeen hundred of Lord North's best picked troops, consisting of grenadiers and Earl Percy's regiment of Welsh Fusiliers, is a circumstance deeply mortifying to those who thought themselves invincible . . . . We are in high spirits and don't think it's in the power of all Europe to subjugate us, for it is evident that the Lord of Hosts has declared in our favor and to this God led us, as with all glory and all the praise. The poor wicked mandamus party have fled to the ships and to what can they fly next? I am sure they have not a good conscience to flee to. I wish them future happiness, but I cannot, in good conscience, wish them much good in this life. I am, sir, with much esteem and most sincere serving, in great haste, W. Watson, Plymouth, April 24, 1775."

Seth and Priscilla had eleven children, the eldest being Sylvester.

After the Revolution, Seth, like many of the men of Cape Cod, followed the sea and in due time became a ship master. He drowned in Yarmouth Harbor, July 15, 1811 as he was going ashore during a squall after having brought his ship home from a voyage around the world.

SYLVESTER<sup>VI</sup>, SETH<sup>V</sup>, PETER<sup>IV</sup>, JOHN<sup>III</sup>, JOHN<sup>II</sup>, FRANCIS<sup>I</sup>

Sylvester was born July 29, 1776, in Yarmouth. He married Hannah Lewis of Barnstable, March 1, 1801. They had six children, four sons, and two daughters. Sylvester became a very prominent figure in Barnstable County, holding public office in the Town of Yarmouth and acquiring a goodly amount

of property on the Cape. His will, probated in Barnstable January 6, 1839, reads as follows:

"Be it remembered that I, Sylvester Baker (of the Town of Yarmouth in the County of Barnstable) Esq., being weak in body but sound in mind and memory, considering the uncertainty of mortal life, do make and publish this to be my last will and testament, in manner and form following: That is to say: First, I give and bequeath unto my eldest daughter, Mary T. Hallett and to her heirs and assigns forever—*(then follows a description of her land-to-be)*. Secondly, I give and bequeath to my eldest son, Joseph L. Baker, to his heirs and assigns forever, *(more land situated in Barnstable County)*. Thirdly, I give and bequeath to my two youngest sons, Edwin Baker and Charles Baker, *(more land minutely described and bounded)*. Fourthly and lastly, I give and bequeath to my two youngest sons, Edwin Baker and Charles Baker, and to my youngest daughter, Eliza Ann Baker and to their respective heirs and assigns forever, all the remainder and residue of my real and personal estate that I own, leaving to my son Charles Baker, a seat in my pew in the Baptist Meeting House, in equal shares between them, after paying all my just debts and funeral charges and I hereby appoint my two youngest sons, Edwin Baker and Charles Baker, my executors to this, my last will and testament, revoking all former wills by me made. In witness whereof, I have here set my hand and seal, the 19th day of June 1838."

Sylvester Baker died December 27, 1838.

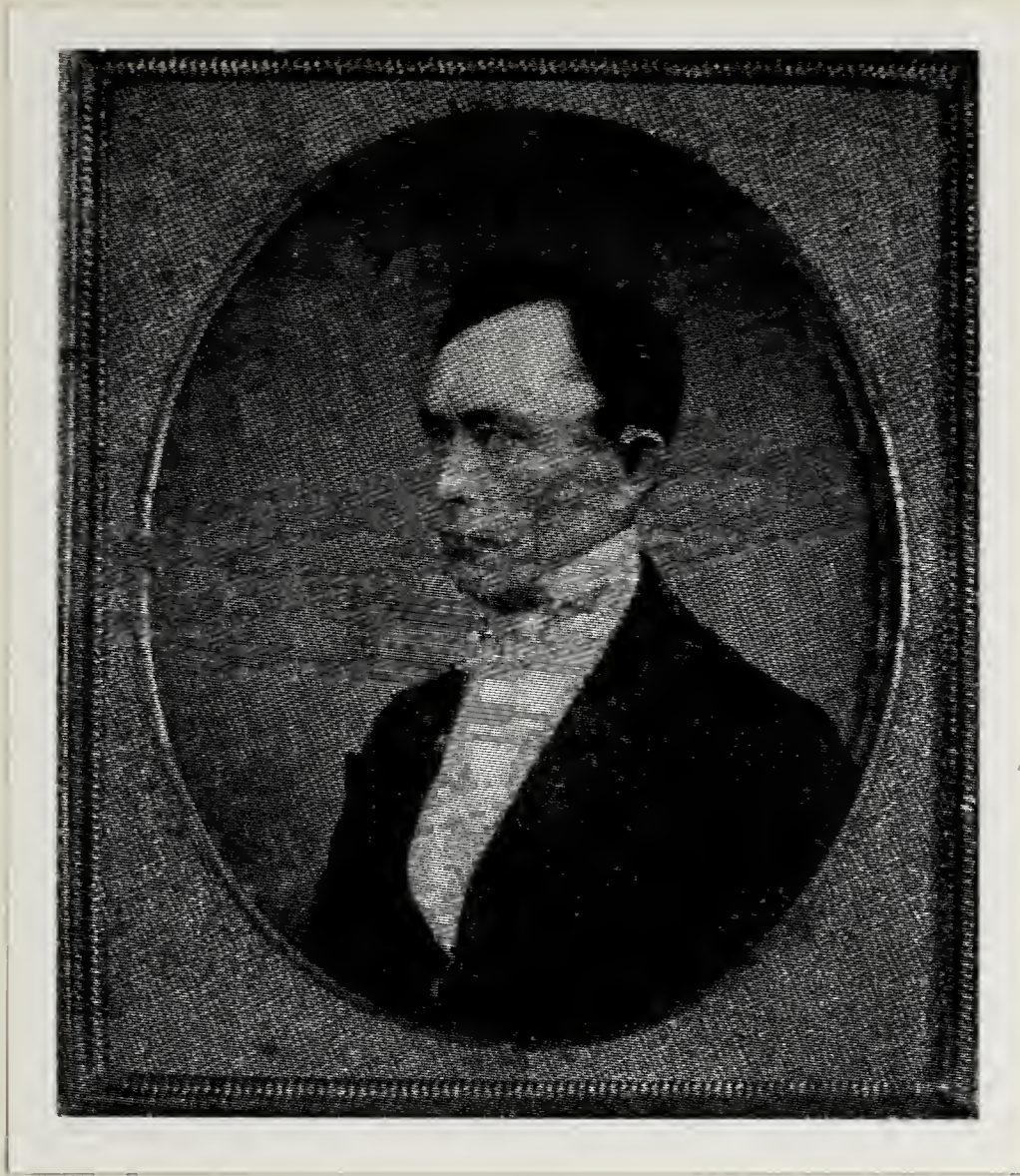
On April 10, 1840, we find that Edwin and Charles Baker and their wives, Persis Sears Baker and Adeline D. Baker, for the sum of \$1. made over a large part of the property they had inherited to their youngest sister, Eliza Ann. She never married, living the last years of her life with her nephews, sons of her sister, Mary Baker Hallet, in Springfield.

I can remember "Aunt Liza" as a little old woman with a cast in her eye, who had a passion for telling children Bible stories. July 6, 1896, when eighty-four years of age, she wrote to Edwin Howard Baker:

"Dear Nephew, I have wondered if you have heard of my failing health. My disease is heart failure, causing great weakness. I suffer but little pain and have to keep very quiet. I know everything is uncertain and I may pass away suddenly. I leave everything with the Lord. I hope to be ready when he calls. I shall be glad to join my friends above who have attained the prize.

You never saw your grandfather, Sylvester Baker, but you have heard your dear father and me speak of him many times. He was a great man and died in the Lord. Your Grandmother Baker too died a happy Christian and we will meet them in Heaven.





EDWIN BAKER

I hope dear Carrie is better. Give my love to her and your blessed children. I shall see them all some day when we all meet on the other side, I presume.

You have heard that Emma Hallett is married and settled in Leadville, Colorado. May she be happy. I'd rather go higher still.

Good bye, With best wishes and much love,

Your affectionate Aunt Liza''

One can well believe that Eliza Ann sat often in that pew in the Baptist Church mentioned in Sylvester's will.

EDWIN<sup>VII</sup>, SYLVESTER<sup>VI</sup>, SETH<sup>V</sup>, PETER<sup>IV</sup>, JOHN<sup>III</sup>, JOHN<sup>II</sup>,  
FRANCIS<sup>I</sup>

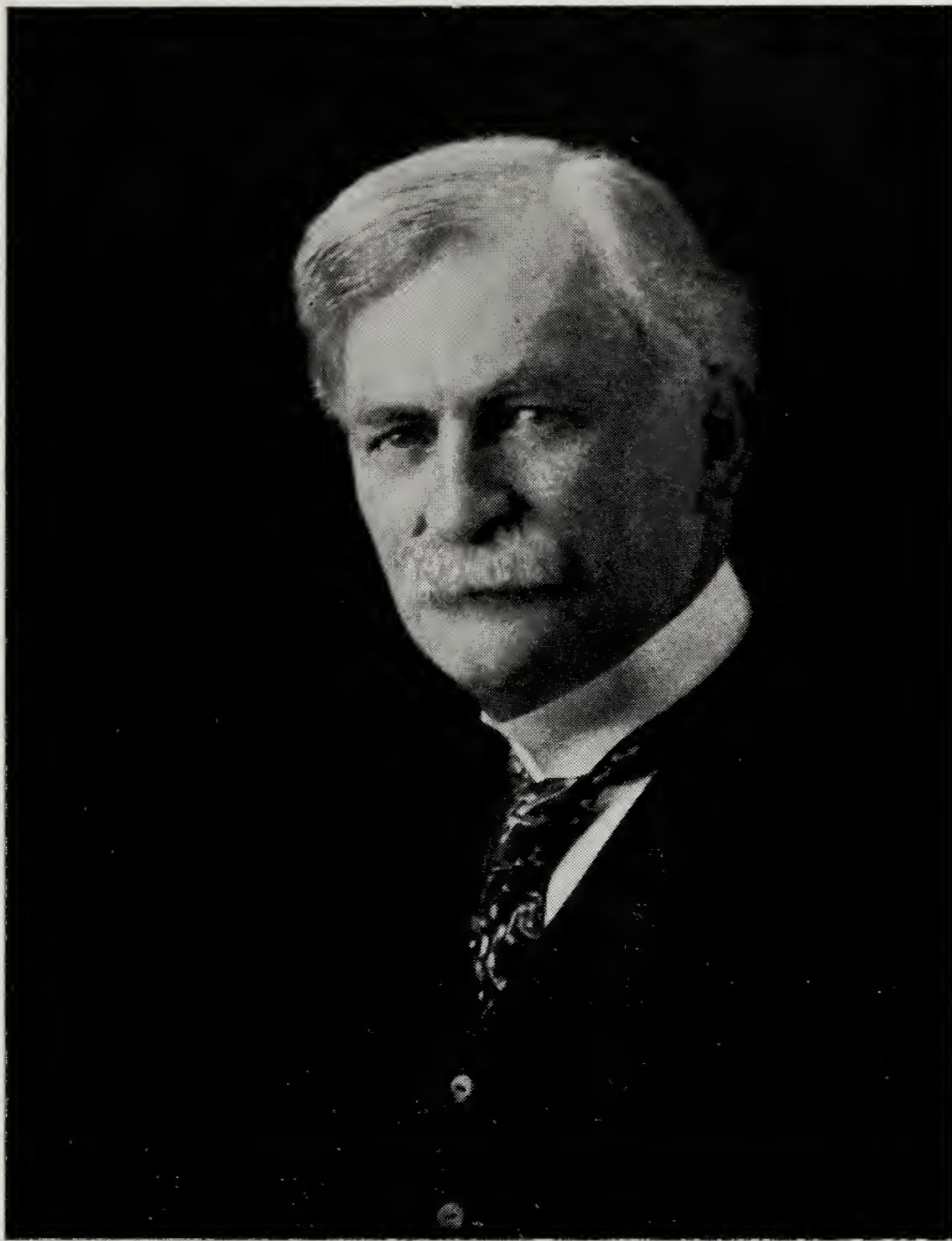
Edwin Baker, the fifth child of Sylvester and Hannah Lewis Baker, was born in Yarmouth, January 1, 1813, and married in Dennis, October 8, 1839, to Persis Sears, the daughter of Judah and Sarah Hale Sears.

Edwin Baker, in his youth, judging from his pictures, was a rather striking looking person, with fine, clear-cut features and keen, steel-blue eyes. I can only remember him after his hair and beard had become snow white. When I was a little girl, he used to visit us a short time each year. Once he brought me gold earrings set with turquoise. I thought Mother quite unreasonable when she would not allow my ears to be pierced at the tender age of eight years. I treasured those earrings, connecting them with a rather mythical grandparent.

Late in life Edwin Baker went to Colorado to live with a nephew and so passed from our life. He died October 20, 1895. Before he died, he gave to his son, Edwin Howard Baker, his grandfather Seth Baker's Bible, in which are entered family births, deaths and marriages from May 1, 1746, to November 13, 1801. Edwin Howard Baker, before he died in July 1924, gave this Bible to his only son, Edwin Howard Baker, Jr., and he in turn gave it to Edwin Howard Baker Pratt.

After the Civil War, there was a tremendous expansion of manufacturing in New England. Cotton was brought from the South and made into textiles for both home and foreign consumption. These goods were sold through commission houses whose members were originally large stock holders in the mills themselves. Such a house was that of Wright, Bliss, and Fabian. Eben Wright and George Fabian of Boston, and Cornelius N. Bliss of New York constituted the firm. The commission house owned a controlling interest in seven cotton mills, six in Massachusetts and one in New Hampshire.





EDWIN HOWARD BAKER

When Edwin Howard<sup>VIII</sup> first became associated with Wright, Bliss, and Fabian, he was only twenty-one. He was sent to their mills in Warren, Massachusetts, as paymaster. He was only there a short time, when he was transferred to Ware as paymaster and assistant to Mr. Bond, the agent of the Otis Company. This was in August, 1871.

Father's arrival in the little town of Ware created quite a flutter in feminine circles. He has been described as handsome, quite sure of himself, most courteous and attentive to his elders as well as to the "girls", always ready for a good time.

Very soon after arriving in Ware, he met Mother at a party and thereafter became a constant caller at Dr. Richardson's home. A year later he became engaged to Carrie Virginia and, on June 19, 1873, he married her at 8 o'clock in the evening in the music room of Grandfather's house. Ariel Ebenezer Parish Perkins married them. It was so hot that evening that, in after years, any description of the wedding always included remarks about the intense heat.

Outside the cities, and often even there, one of the great events in the family life was the at least semi-annual "visit" of the dressmaker. She was usually an old maid, well past middle life. I never heard of a young one. They must have taken up their "sewing" after all hope of a fuller, more domestic existence had faded. They were often well-born and were a means of transference of entertaining information from family to family, mostly kindly gossip.

Adeline Manley had had tuberculosis of the spine in childhood which had left her with a slight hunchback. We children would often secretly "touch it for luck". She was a good student at school and throughout her life intensely interested in politics; very "close-mouthed". No one ever gleaned "juicy bits" about neighbors from Miss Manley. The daughter of a well-to-do farmer, she studied dressmaking with experienced women in Boston before taking it up for her livelihood. Once a year, in the nineteenth century, the Boston & Albany Railroad gave all its stockholders a free ride to Boston and return. No matter how otherwise engaged, Miss Manley took that opportunity to get the latest styles from Boston.

She made Mother's wedding dress and trousseau. The dress was white organdy with tiny ruffles from the square, low-cut neck to the end of the train, with full, puffed sleeves, white kid



slippers—4AAA. They are before me now, with the date written inside by Father when she took them off on her wedding night. Miss Manley told me that Mother was a lovely bride, tall and straight and slender, soft brown hair, braided as a coronet, set on the top of her head; large dark brown eyes, with such “nice color in her cheeks, she was often accused of using rouge”. Miss Manley dressed Mother and “carried” the train downstairs for her.

After the wedding supper, the bride and groom drove to West Brookfield where they took “The Owl” for Boston. The next morning was still so hot that they went off to a quiet spot by the sea. After two weeks, they returned to Ware where an apartment at the Hampshire House, furnished with their wedding gifts, was waiting for them. Six months later they moved into a little house on Pleasant Street—the “Hart House”.

In that house I, Harriet Virginia, was born on Wednesday, March 23, 1875.

Four other children followed:

Ruth Sears, August 24, 1877

Clara Persis, December 12, 1882

Margaret, June 1884—died in infancy

Persis, April 27, 1888.

Edwin Howard, Jr., February 23, 1890.

The first time I had to secure a passport for European travel, the town clerk of Ware, Massachusetts sent me an affidavit stating that I was born March 24, 1875. Up to the receipt of the document, I had always been told by my parents, and therefore believed, that I was born on Wednesday, March 23, 1875. Grandfather Richardson was the officiating obstetrician; so possibly his excitement over the birth of his first granddaughter may have accounted for a faulty registration of the child over whose plan of life he was to exert so strong an influence. The summer after I was born, Mother was evidently loath to take her baby away from home as in a letter to Mother dated, Hyannis, June 23, 1875, my father wrote:

“Father was obliged to go away yesterday so he made all arrangements for me to be entertained by one of the F. F.’s accordingly I came to a very nice house, a very fine family and have excellent accommodations. The gentleman was formerly a sea captain and was to take me out fishing today, for which purpose we were up and had breakfast at three this morning, but after starting out he concluded the wind would be too high and gave it up, so I have been with him getting the boat ready for a start tomorrow morning if the weather

permits. If we do go out I presume I shall be very sick for Captain Lothrop proposes going out for about a ten hour trip.

"Kiss Harriet for her Father."

Although I was but three months old he spoke of his baby as Harriet. It was always a belief of his that a person who had a good name should be called by it, not an abbreviation. In fact he so lectured his sisters-in-law even before I can remember, they were no longer spoken of, even by the family as Hattie, Lottie, Mattie, but were Harriet, Charlotte, and Martha.

In December of 1875, Father was made Treasurer of the Bay State Paper Co. and took Mother and me to Springfield to live. During August 1875, Father had to go to Toronto on business and writing Mother from there said in part: "You know I have never been off American soil before. On my way here I found it necessary to be at Suspension Bridge from 1:30 to 2:30 so Mr. S. and I went to Niagara Falls. I don't know how anyone could describe the sights there. Mark Twain did, it is true. He gave a long time to seeing it all and gave this simple description: 'The Falls are high, but the cab fares are higher'." Once in talking of the paper adventure Father gave me a book which he said had been printed on Bay State paper.

#### A FOOL'S ERRAND

BY ONE OF THE FOOLS

Published Anonymously

This book might well be a "source" for much material in "Gone With the Wind".

June 27, 1877, from Boston, Father wrote Mother:

"We went out to the Hotel Brunswick for tea where a reception was being held for the President of the United States. Mr. Hayes is a fine looking gentleman—a noble head and honest face. Secretary Evarts is a dried up little fellow, too thin to fill up his shirt and vest in good shape, but possesses a searching and keen pair of eyes and a head which looks to contain little else than useful brains, altogether looks to be a man of remarkable intellectual ability. Sec. Schwartz, tall well-formed German with a good face and well-formed head, nervous in manner, he impresses you as being 'smart' and you can easily believe him to be an able statesman. Mrs. Hayes—very sensible lady in appearance, well-dressed, but not dressy. Hair black as a coal, apparently all her own! not handsome by any means but it may be she would be more pleased to be styled ladylike in appearance than anything else."

On June 20th a note written on the train between Boston and Springfield bewails the fact that he is unable to go to Aunt



Harriet's graduation from Mt. Holyoke the next day, "as probably Harriet would be pleased to find one man in the crowd to call her own as I am inclined to think the Doctor will not go." Also he had decided to go the previous evening to the Rocklands Hotel by the sea, where he had taken his bride four years previously. "Had as pleasant a time as possible being alone—which was not much!"

May 8, 1877 he wrote to Mother, still in Springfield, from Boston, "I went to Music Hall last evening to attend a 'Telephone' lecture and heard singing and cornet playing that was being done in a hall at Providence, R. I.—how is that?!!"

After two years in Springfield, March 1, 1877 Father was offered and accepted the position of Purchasing Agent and Auditor for the mills controlled by Wright, Bliss, and Fabian. This position would necessitate living near or in Boston. On account of this appointment, a Springfield paper states that "in consequence of his removal, Mr. Baker has resigned the superintendency of the First Church Sunday School." Mother was expecting a baby in August so it was decided that she should go to Grandfather's to live until after the event. Ruth Sears Baker was born Thursday August 24, 1877 at her Grandfather Richardson's in Ware. I can distinctly remember Mother with the baby in her arms in the bedroom over the music room. I was two and a half, but I am absolutely sure of this fact. Meantime Father and Aunt Harriet had found a suitable house in Newton and had it sufficiently in order for Mother to take her babies there early in October.

In September Mr. Bond, the agent of the Otis Co., had died in Ware so Father was asked to assume temporary charge of the Otis Co. property, both at Ware and Palmer until such time as a resident agent should be appointed. During the few months he was temporarily in charge, he developed such ability as a manufacturer and executive that in April 1879 he received the appointment of Resident Agent, a marked recognition of his ability at the age of 32. Meantime Mother had been living a somewhat lonely existence in Newton, cheered by long visits from her Mother and younger sisters. She faced the fourth move of her short married life with the courage and ability that never failed her. The family were soon settled in the house on South Street in Ware in which they were to live for sixteen years.

In the 70's and 80's and even later in the cities and towns of



this country there were Volunteer Fire Companies. We have record of the part played by such an organization in the "great" New York fire when men in pumps and "white ties" responded to the alarm.

I have before me the rather amusing programme:

Grand Gala Day — Firemen's Muster  
at Ware, Mass.  
Wednesday, Sep. 25, 1878  
under the direction of the Ware Fire Department  
Prizes to be awarded  
*Speaking Trumpet* to the winning Engine Co.  
*Silver Goblet* to the winning Hose Co.  
*Five Dollars* in Gold and a *Novelty* to the  
winning Hook and Ladder Co.  
and a marble topped table to the visiting company  
maintaining the best order.  
Presentation by E. H. Baker"

The procession fell in at the "Depot" at 10:00 a.m. and marched through the principal streets of the town to the tent where the exercises were held.

"Each Company to choose its own Judge and a majority to decide all disputes."

During Father's first years in Ware he became a member of a group known at first as the "Young Men's Debating Club". This gradually merged into the Young Men's Library Association which first held its meeting in a hall over the fire house. About 1882 Mr. William Hyde, President of the Ware National Bank, presented the Association at the cost of \$10,000 with a small but adequate library building situated on the corner of Main and Church Streets. In addition to the stock rooms and reading room there was a small museum. It contained, when I was a child, a large case of stuffed birds and one of Indian relics, tomahawks, arrows, grinding stones, pottery, etc. These had largely been dug up in the surrounding country, once the happy hunting ground of Indians. Also on the walls hung a few items that I showed to my young friends with considerable pride, the canteen and knapsack that had been carried by an ancestor at the Battle of Bunker Hill and a tremendously long rifle used by another forebear against the Indians. "Loaned by E. C. Richardson."

Ariel Ebenezer Parish Perkins, who married Mother and Father, was a close friend of Grandfather and Grandmother



and quite an unusual character to be over so small a country parish. He was born in 1820, the son of the Congregational Minister of Royalston, Massachusetts. He graduated from Andover Academy and Amherst College and then from Andover Theological School. He was ordained in 1844 and in 1852 was called to the Congregational Church in Ware, where he served for forty-one years. Dr. Perkins christened Mother, Ruth, Clara, and me. He did not retire until I was ten and as attendance at church from six years of age on, unless ill, was a family rule, I always went, and I shall never forget the long prayers and longer sermons. The Rev. Arthur Chase who wrote a History of Ware said of the East Congregational Church—"It is pure Colonial, perfect Bulfinch front and steeple, has long been considered as one of the finest architectural examples in New England, yet no one seems to know who was the architect, although many believe it was Bulfinch himself." It was erected in 1826, remodeled in 1846 and not changed again until 1889. As I first remember it, the choir loft, with the pipe organ was high at the rear of the church. Long galleries on both sides; a high mahogany pulpit on the rostrum reached by stairs at the sides. The long communion table was below the pulpit; high pews from which the doors had been removed. In the vestibule were two airtight square iron stoves from which extended long stove pipes hung under the galleries. Thus was the edifice heated.

The infants' Sunday School class was held in a little room behind the organ. There a gracious woman, Mrs. Chauncey Hyde, heard our "golden texts"; taught us about child life in the Bible and the Ten Commandments. If we behaved well we were given tiny Scripture cards. I wish I had them now. They are "collector's items". From the infant class we graduated downstairs where in groups of about ten we were taught by certainly unselfish, if not always the wisest, teachers. On church festival days there was always speaking of pieces and prizes of suitable religious books. That brings to my mind the fact that Ruth and I thought Mother a bit odd, to say the least, because she did not allow us to bring home weekly books from the Sunday School library, having an idea that she could guide our reading to better advantage. In some underhanded manner I did take a book home and read it surreptitiously, with such interest that I have never forgotten the title *Annie's Gold Cross*.



In 1860, before the American industries had received the benefit of tariff measures, the wages in New England cotton and woolen mills were 60% less for the same number of working hours than they were in 1888. Father at this time was a rabid protectionist. Mr. Wright had died three years previously. In 1883, Bliss, Fabian, and Company sent Father to Europe to make a study of manufacturing methods and labor conditions in England and France.

He left Ware the morning of January 8, spending the night at the "Winsor" in New York. He sailed the next day on the Cunard *S. S. Gallia*—"a large ship, 480 feet long, carrying 70 cabin passengers". They sailed in a blinding snow storm, so thick that they failed to pick up their pilot's boat and were obliged to carry him to Queenstown. It was a very rough crossing. During a gale, the main topsail, which even steamers carried at that time, was carried away and all passengers suffered from mal de mer. The crossing, however, was considered to have been made in splendid time—New York to Liverpool in nine and a half days.

On Sunday, the day after his arrival in London, Father characteristically went to church and heard the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preach. There were between 3000 and 4000 in the audience. In the afternoon he went to Westminster Abbey, where he heard Canon Farrar preach. In the evening he attended services again. After St. Paul's that night he wrote, "I have listened to impressive music and a sermon too dry for my thinking. I have had about enough of the Church of England service already. I prefer the dissenters." (That night he wrote Mother a long letter from the Royal Hotel corner of Victoria and Embankment.) Father was always a good horseman and after a busy day enjoyed nothing more than a late afternoon ride mounted on a black horse named "Nig". It is not out of the picture, therefore, that early in his stay in London he should have visited Queen Victoria's stable containing, including saddle ponies, 130 horses, among them the eight "cream" horses that drew the state coach. Father wrote detailed letters to Mother of his visits that week to the National Art Gallery, the British Museum, Tower of London, St. Giles, even the "Zoo", but did say that it was preposterous to try and see in a week what should take a year but he was anxious to have at least a glimpse of the glories of Old London before beginning the task for which he had gone



to England. He visited the manufacturers in Nottingham, Leeds, Bradford, Haddonfield, Bolton, Oldham, and Manchester. In a resumé written for a speech given in April 1883, Father said under the heading "English Manufacture and Labor":

"In the brief time which I had for investigation, I sought to obtain a view of the general conditions and prospects of all parties engaged in manufacturing with special regard of course to the cotton industry. To note the relations existing between the employer and the employed and for purposes of comparison with the same class of individuals in our own country, in matters of wages paid, the homes and comforts, or lack of comforts maybe, of the employed."

Leaving London Father went through to San Sebastian, Spain to visit the Gulicks. When Mother was in Mt. Holyoke she met there Alice Gordon of Auburndale, Massachusetts. They were mutually attracted and formed a friendship which lasted as long as they lived. Soon after she graduated, Alice Gordon married William Gulick and went at once to Santandere, Spain where Mr. Gulick was to be the preacher of a Protestant church supported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Alice Gulick was a born educator. She was at once appalled by the lack of education of Spanish women in all walks of life and started a small school for girls in Santandere. This she conducted with such success that it was moved after ten years in 1881 to San Sebastian. Mrs. Gulick was not to be satisfied with a secondary school but decided to establish a college for the higher education of Spanish girls in Madrid. With this object in view she made trip after trip to the United States in order to interest the presidents of colleges, head mistresses of preparatory schools, churches and philanthropists in the project. Miss Mary E. Woolly, former President of Mt. Holyoke, said of her "if Mt. Holyoke had never sent out another alumna except Mrs. Gulick, it would have justified its existence."

When I was a medical student at the University of Michigan, she came to Ann Arbor for a conference with President Angell and although invited to be President and Mrs. Angell's guest she chose to share my room with me, "that she might feel like a student again".

In 1892 the International Institute for Girls in Spain was incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, under the control of a Board of Trustees, elected annually by the Corporation in Boston.



Mrs. Gulick died in England September 14, 1903. She is buried in the civil cemetery outside of Madrid. The grave is marked by a shaft given by Mother, Miss Borden and a few other close friends. It bears the simple inscription—"Alice Gordon Gulick 1847-1903. Findadora del Instituto International". Her death was an incalculable loss to Mother. Their friendship through all the years was a close and devoted one.

We have gone a long way since that day in February 1883 when Father arrived in San Sebastian for a week's visit with the Gulicks. He arrived when the carnival was in full swing, and that and a bull fight were rare excitement for the rather staid New England traveller on business, but he was intrigued with the novel sights and experiences and intensely interested in Mrs. Gulick's school. In fact it was the foundation of an interest which was later to make him willing to become a Director and Treasurer. When the school was incorporated he held the office of Treasurer until 1907.

Mrs. Gulick went up to Paris with Father and went sight-seeing with him in the time "he stole" from business appointments. She assisted him in purchasing gifts for the family and in selecting a great number of unmounted photographs that Mother had requested to enable her to begin the "art education" of her young daughters. At Versailles, while Mrs. Gulick was talking to a guide in the garden, Father surreptitiously removed a slip of ivy climbing on the willow that Marie Antoinette planted on her wedding day. This slip was carefully placed in a bottle of water and brought home to Mother. It grew and grew for ten or fifteen years.

Shortly after returning to Ware to live, Edwin Howard Baker joined the East Congregational Church in which he became a most efficient and active member. From early manhood Father was an ardent supporter of many activities connected with the Congregational Church. In 1892 he was elected an Auditor of the American Board of Commissioners to Foreign Missions serving twenty-four years as Chairman of that committee. Shortly before he died he told me that he had missed but three of its Annual Meetings. While serving as a trustee of Hartford Theological Sminary he formed a close friendship with Dr. Graham Taylor, one of its Professors. Later Dr. Taylor went to Chicago and there became associated with Jane Addams in her work at Hull House, when she was introducing



quite revolutionary methods in Social Service.

As a rule, at this time, the early eighteen nineties, the ministers of the church were receiving most inadequate salaries and old "age retirement" held possibilities that were a nightmare. To alleviate this situation a "Society for Ministerial Relief" was formed and toward its success Father gave hours of hard work.

Free seats in the church was another much mooted question, when often one's seat in church was considered as a criterion of one's social position. Even on Cape Cod, in Colonial days the doors on the pews were symbolic of family exclusiveness. The agitation in the church in the 1890's resulted in an almost universal adoption of the free seat system.

Although time and again elected a deacon, Father would never accept that office. He became the instructor of a young men's class in the Sunday School. He was to lead this class as long as he lived in Ware. The class, from half a dozen, grew to a membership of sixty to seventy men of all ages from all walks of life.

There have been preserved a number of outlines Father wrote as a basis for discussion for this Bible Class. They were carefully worked out and gave the Biblical references for all subdivisions of the subject as well as the main theme.

On December 31, 1893 Father gave the final lesson as leader of the Bible Class. Where or when Father first knew Charles E. Garman, the brilliant professor of philosophy at Amherst College I do not know. It must have been before he was married, because the day after I was born, Professor Garman sent Mother, for me, a tiny gold ring which I hope to live long enough to see on the finger of a great grandchild!

The friendship must have been a close one, for they were fairly constant correspondents; and I know that Father often quoted Professor Garman's opinions. William Allen White in *A Puritan of Babylon*, the story of Calvin Coolidge—says: "Coolidge won no prizes for scholarship nor for any scholarly attainments, but none the less his spirit, aroused by Garman, awoke in Amherst."

Professor Garman as a friend was a very great intellectual stimulus to Father, who had not had a college training but who ever strove to overcome that lack, by association with trained thinkers, study, and honesty in mental processes.

Mother said that when Professor Garman came to them for a short visit, he and Father would talk long into the night. Father



was early faced with the labor and social problems incident to his responsibilities at the head of a great industrial plant. Both men were firm in their belief that "the only hope of perfecting human relationships is in accordance with the law of service under which men are not so solicitous about what they shall get as what they shall give."

In January 1888, *The Springfield Republican* carried an article about representative citizens of Ware.

"Perhaps no man during the past ten years has added more to the welfare of the town than E. H. Baker, the resident agent of the Otis Manufacturing Co. During his term of office he has added many buildings to the plant of the Otis Company.—He provides tenements for the majority of his employees and takes the greatest interest in the welfare of all persons in the employ of the Otis Co."

The first Christmas I can remember was celebrated at Grandfather's with a tree touching the ceiling at the end of the long music room, lighted with real candles, it was a bit of fairy land to the small girl. From then on as long as we lived in Ware the tree was at our house as well as the Christmas dinners.

Mother loved family feast days so our birthdays were always celebrated in some way. I still have the formal little invitation sent to children for my tenth birthday.

Birthday Celebration  
Miss Harriet V. Baker  
requests the pleasure of your company  
on Monday afternoon—from 4 until 7 o'clock  
1875                      March 23                      1885

I look back with amazement to the attention she paid to the details for those various events, appropriate quotations or original skits written on our place cards, delicious menus, decorations and simple entertainment planned, music, games, all arranged by a woman who was almost a chronic invalid, who never mentioned her own health, or complained, or was heard to utter that horrid phrase "Children, you make me nervous."

Vila Barton, a childhood friend of Mother's, was an "old maid", very intelligent, spoke Spanish and French fluently, and was at one time a governess in the family of a Spanish grandee in Brazil. I mention her because, after Mother had taught us our alphabet, she introduced Ruth and me, with six other girls, to the "Three R's". She had a room in her house fitted up as a classroom—a true "Dame's School". I am ashamed to say she



had a fascination for us because, suffering from intense myopia when she removed her glasses to polish them, her eyes became completely crossed. Miss Barton in later life was a highly regarded teacher in Miss Burnham's School in Northampton.

Our second experiment in education was staged in a large, sunny room over Father's office. Miss Lucy Tucker was our teacher. She was about five feet, ten inches tall, thin, a homely, kindly face with as large a nose as I ever remember seeing on a woman. A wig of bright waved auburn hair, which when she moved too suddenly, or too swiftly, often slipped a bit—then breathless we would watch her move it into proper position with a well-pointed firmly held pencil. Also she wore hoopskirts. This sounds like a caricature but it is not. She was a patient and thorough instructor. Robinson's arithmetic, Green's grammar, Harper's reader—all had to be well conned. Spelling was and always has been my bete noire; so I pass over that subject. French songs she taught us with the most extraordinary accent. But, best of all, we learned two entire series of verses from the Bible, which, like the *New England Primer*, were set to follow the alphabet.

A: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver or gold."

B: "Buy the truth and sell it not."

Many, many sleepless nights have I found that repeating these Biblical alphabets was more efficacious than counting sheep.

This class had eight or ten members, all girls but one. Father endured the noise over his head for two sessions, then rebelled. We girls were then turned over for instruction to Mary Taylor. We studied at home and then went to her for two hours of recitation daily. You might well ask how this scheme of instruction worked out. Mother's friends often with raised eyebrows, asked "Are you being fair to the children?" Mother thought that she was, that under Miss Taylor we were having the advantage of independent instruction from a well-trained teacher, a college graduate, who had won honors in Latin and Greek—well read, a gentlewoman if there ever was one. Mother guided our reading with great care and did spend hours opening our eyes to the art of the Old World, illustrated by those photographs Father had



brought from Paris. In addition she began early to take us to current exhibitions in Boston and Springfield. I marvel at the unselfishness of the hours that she spent playing Authors and mythology with us, thus making us want to know more of the authors, quotations from whose works we learned so easily. Gods and goddesses shared our affection with Andersen and Grimm's fairy stories. To prove her point I was sent to the Grammar School for one year and Ruth later to the High School for the same period. We were at least even and able to hold our own with the children of our age. And what a good time we had had. More hours out-of-doors, more time with the horses and here I must say that we owed much to the French-Canadian, Louis, who was with us as coachman, gardener, mother's helper, for fifteen years.

When I was twelve and Ruth ten we begged and prayed for a pony. Early to bed and early to rise was a nursery rule. One June evening, Ruth and I as always, were talking before going to sleep. It was twilight and hot, Mother and Father—Mamma and Papa, we called them then—were sitting out-of-doors. We could just hear their voices. I heard Father say "Here they come." I jumped up and looked out the window. Coming up the driveway was a little horse in a dogcart, driven by Louis. I shrieked at Ruth to get up and tore downstairs. Major was a Welsh horse, bay, a perfect animal of his type, the accoutrements, brass-mounted harness, English lash whip, all that we had dreamed of and prayed for. As Kipling would say: "it would be another story" simply to tell the fun we had with Major until we went away to boarding school. Then Father sold him. We had a grass tennis court, we played poorly; we almost killed each other with croquet mallets. Why is that game so conducive to quarrels? We climbed trees; in fact, we had special trees into which the owner *invited* one to climb. In winter we made our own toboggan slide, starting on top of a terrace, down over a stretch of lawn. The modern child has no knowledge of sleighing on a brilliant sunny day with your own and other's horses causing with every step a jingle of many-toned bells, and, if the snow was hard enough, the squeaking sound of the runners. When we were little we sat up straight on high sleds, great was the pleasure when we arrived at an age and state of joy when we took a "boy's sled" and went down "belly-flop".

Ruth was an adorable child "round and plump, sweet". She



had the faculty of keeping clean and was always a satisfactory show child. If Mother called her into a room where she was entertaining a guest, she would sit demurely with clasped hands with what an old gentleman described as an "angelic smile". On the contrary I was a perfect example of the "tomboy", always tearing my clothes, getting caught by the seat of my drawers when descending from a tree, falling through a trap door in the stable onto the manure pile, when dressed for a tea party and forbidden by Nurse Kate to go near the stable. Mother once said in despair: "Why, dear, when I ask you in to meet my friends, do you forget that your legs and feet are to keep you upright and not to twist into the shape of a corkscrew?" Rainy days we were fond of "dressing up", impersonating people, real and imaginary. Once Ruth and I did not speak pleasantly to each other for days because we both wanted to be "Lady Geraldine". A young neighbor had returned from Ireland with a fascinating bride who bore that name. I think that was the episode, which was terminated by our mutual astonishment and moderate shame, when we found pinned on the mirror over our dressing table a paper on which was written in Mother's always legible hand "A soft answer turneth away wrath. but grievous words stir up anger."

Having been well awakened by the noise of a Civil War cannon being discharged by an over-enthusiastic veteran at regular intervals from midnight on, Fourth of July was a day of real celebration. We were allowed to rise at an unearthly early hour in the morning and fire off our torpedoes. We were fully grown before firecrackers were allowed. After breakfast there was a parade of the younger townspeople known as the "Antiques and Horribles". It well deserved its name. How the custom arose I have no idea. The nearest approach being parades of "Mummers" I have seen in Europe. About midday, weather permitting, we went on a picnic. Father driving Nig and Kit harnessed to the "Canopy Top", a carriage my contemporaries will know as a surrey with a top edged with deep fringe. There was always an argument as to our destination, and for years Father's advice was ridiculed by our reminding him of the time he landed us in a potato patch. We children, by that time were so hungry that the feast was eaten by the roadside. In the evening, Father and Louis set off fireworks for the entertainment of the family and a few close friends. The day closed with ice cream, cake,



and lemonade, and so to bed. One unhappy Fourth a rocket turned tail and fell into the box of fireworks. The resulting explosion injured no one, but even the refreshments failed to appease our disappointment.

Memorial Day we drove to the Soldier's Monument, and listened or pretended to, to the orator of the day and then took flowers to the Hartwell plot in the graveyard behind the Congregational Church and to the Richardson plot in the Ware cemetery.

Thanksgivings there was the gathering of the clan, Aunt Marie's family, arrived the day before from Port Chester, at Grandmother's and what fun we had with our boy cousins. Edward my age, Charles, Ruth's and Robert, Clara's, later Helen, the age of our Margaret, who died. There were no cousins to match Persis and Howard. Aunt Martha Barrett had three children, Aunt Harriet, two, Coolidge and Carrie Virginia who died in early childhood. We used to sit down to two tables, 18 to 25 strong as there were often guests. When Ed and I were old enough to preside at the second table and have a turkey all our own, great was our pride. There were toasts in cider, and everyone was supposed to contribute something to the general entertainment. Aunt Marie always led off with a musical composition she had chosen for the event. Aunt Harriet and Aunt Charlotte sang. Mother often wrote and read a family history. Aunt Charlotte also frequently wrote and read some comic news. As long as Grandfather lived, he played his violin, accompanied by either my Grandmother or Aunt Marie. In their early teens, Ed, Charles, and Ruth who were all taking violin lessons did their bit. My contribution was a "piece" played on the piano, or selection recited. What never-to-be-forgotten feast days they were, presided over by a grandmother who was truly a queen to her family.

When Mother was born, Great-grandmother Richardson sent to her daughter-in-law a young Irish maid, who she considered would make a fine nurse for the grandchildren. That position she held until Mother went to Mt. Holyoke. Then Kate Ryan went to Springfield to become housekeeper for the Roman Catholic bishop. Quite frequently Mother went there for a week-end. She said the bishop once gave the mandate that "Miss Carrie might go to mass with Kate, but she must also attend one service in her own church," an example of liberality of thought.



After Clara was born, Monday, December 12, 1882, Kate came to us and held sway over our nursery until she died in 1886, having served in three generations of the same family. We all loved her. She was a picture in the afternoon, dressed in black silk, with a white mull cap, long gold chain on which hung a watch given her by the bishop, knitting silk stockings or hoods or a bedspread. She adored Clara and, if Mother corrected her, she would exclaim in no uncertain terms, "Faith, it's the older one should be punished for setting such an example."

Naturally Mother had absolute confidence in her ability to care for us and the household. We have a letter from Saratoga, New York written in 1884. She and Father were attending some kind of a convention; when, in spite of the good time she was having, like Martha, the friend of Jesus, she was "anxious about many things". "Tell Katy and Mary to keep the house closed after nine in the morning, until half past six in the afternoon for, if the heat gets in, it will stay all summer. You must be very good little girls. Get your lessons and do not play in the hot sun too much."

The next spring she went to Colorado. On the way she stopped for a short visit with friends in Kansas City. From there "Mamma" wrote me a letter that quite explains why I hated being the eldest and therefore required to set an example to the others. "Now, my little girl, try and do just as nearly as you know I would like to have you. Study well and see that Ruth gets her lessons. Be helpful to Katy and quiet and nice, talk low and remind Ruth to do the same. Be nice to little Clara and do everything you can to make her happy. Much love from your affectionate Mama."

This to a nine-year old tomboy, if there ever was one!

The great blizzard of '88 has been remembered in verse and song and in some cities, most notably in New York, there are clubs whose membership consists of old men who love to foregather on the anniversary of the storm and re-tell to each other, for the fortieth or fiftieth time, the hardships and experiences of that twenty-four hours. Mother was expecting a baby, so the atmosphere of our house was a bit tense, as no obstetrician could possibly come to her aid. However, all went well and on Friday April 27, 1888 Persis was born. She had more soft brown curls than any baby I have seen since.

Mother once remarked that if George Washington had only



postponed his advent in this world one day, he would have had the honor of being born on the same day as "my only son", Edwin Howard Baker, Jr.<sup>IX</sup>, who was born February 23, 1890.

When Howard was five years old the family moved to Greenwich, Connecticut. At the age of seven he was sent to a local private school to learn the "Three R's"; from there he went to Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, where he prepared for college. He entered Yale in 1909, received his B.A. June 6, 1913. He was a member of Phi Upsilon fraternity and Elihu Club.

When the United States entered World War I, Howard took repeated physical examinations in order to join one of the armed forces. He was always rejected, with an almost perfect physical report other than "bad eyes". However, having driven motor cars since he was of age for a license, he was accepted by the Red Cross and sent at the head of an ambulance unit to the Italian Alps. It proved to be a very difficult and dangerous appointment which resulted in his being three times decorated by the Italian government.

Howard married first Lena Grant; second Florence Ellis. As he had no children, he was the last Baker in our line of descent from Francis<sup>I</sup>. He died in Boston June 23, 1941 and is buried in Putnam Cemetery, Greenwich, Connecticut beside his parents.

September 1890, I entered Dana Hall in Wellesley. Miss Julia and Miss Sarah Eastman, the founders of the school, were the head-mistresses. The school at that time was limited to seventy-five students, no one being admitted who was not preparing to enter college. Student government had not achieved the status it was to acquire in a decade or so, but Dana Hall may be said to have been a pioneer in abolishing the many useless and needless rules that held in most boarding schools.

I liked everything about it—my roommates, classmates and teachers. Edith Tufts, the Greek teacher, had a rare beauty. Miss Julia once took her as her guest to the famous "Saturday Morning Club" in Boston. Mr. Longfellow, the poet, said to her, "Miss Julia, your friend might well have served as the embodiment of my idea of Evangeline." She years later joined the faculty of Wellesley College.

Miss Caroline Cooke, the Latin teacher, and Virginia Smith, the mathematics teacher, both impressed their students in a way they never forgot.



One of our classmates at Dana Hall was Bessie Yates, the only daughter of Colonel Yates of the United States Army, who was killed in the Custer Massacre. During a summer vacation, Ruth and I were invited to visit at her home in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. That visit was like a chapter out of a history book, with that quaint old town as a background. We met Mrs. Custer who told us many of the tales she had incorporated in her book "Boots and Saddles". Bessie, by the way, was the baby whose birth was recorded in that book.

Mrs. Yates told us intriguing stories of her childhood in Brazil, when Don Pedro was Emperor. She showed us and allowed us to drink from a cup he had given her. During that visit we spent a whole day at Gettysburg, going over the battlefield with a man who had been wounded on that field.

From the summer of 1878 when Ruth took her first steps on the porch of the Hallett House in Hyannisport, until 1895, we spent the majority of our summers on Cape Cod, at Falmouth. There we learned to swim, fish, crab, bowl, and rollerskate, even pitch quoits. We lived very simply in the early years in small cottages on the "Heights", taking our meals at the "Goodwin House". There gathered many interesting folks, also on simple vacation bent and pleasant friendships were made. College professors, clergymen of all denominations with their families, a number of men famous in the legal profession, business associates of Father's from Boston. Long and interesting were the discussions they had over every subject under the sun. The last year we were in Falmouth we had a house on Old Mill Road. That year the family moved down in toto for the season—five children, servants, horses and carriages. There were guests of all ages and I am sure it was no "vacation" for Mother. There is a little pond back of that house and every morning before breakfast Louis brought in great bunches of water lilies. Their fragrance always reminds me of our farewell summer in Falmouth on Cape Cod.

During McKinley's term of office as President of the United States, Mr. Cornelius Bliss was appointed Secretary of the Interior. He was the head of the firm—Bliss, Fabian and Company—with which Father had been connected from his youth. When he was called to go to Washington, he insisted that Father transfer his activities from the manufacturing end in Ware, to the New York office, where he was to become the junior partner



of the firm. This necessitated a move to Greenwich, Connecticut, in February 1895.

It must be confessed that in the first instance, this location had a strong appeal because we were still two miles over the line from New York, in New England.

In June 1894 Ruth Sears Baker graduated from Dana Hall and in September entered Wellesley College, the youngest scholar in her class, she maintained very satisfactory standards in her work, especially in mathematics. The head of that department advised her to major in that subject even to considering post-graduate work. Ruth's life was not all work. She soon made the crew and took part in the Freshman "Ivy Day" ceremonies always an important feature in Wellesley life.

It was a great disappointment to Ruth that illness prevented her return to Wellesley for her Senior year. Little did she foresee that in spite of that fact she would later in life serve for eighteen years as a trustee of the College.

When Ruth recovered her health she returned to her first love, the violin. She studied in New York with Carlos Hasselbrink and then had a year in Liege, Belgium with Ovid Musin returning to Greenwich in the fall of 1900. January 6, 1903 she married John Teel Pratt and began an unusual life, combining as it did both domestic and extensive public activities. During World War I she was chairman of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee of the 2nd Federal Reserve District; the first woman elected to the Board of Aldermen of New York City (now called the City Council). In 1928 she was the first woman to be elected to Congress from the State of New York. She went to Washington in 1929 where she was a member of the 71st and 72nd Congress. Upon her return to New York she devoted much time to musical activities connected with the New York Philharmonic Society of which she was a Vice-President. Recognition of her many public activities was given Ruth by the honorary degrees given her by Wellesley, New York University, and Mt. Holyoke. I cannot refrain from adding my word of tribute to a remarkable woman and a beloved sister.

Children of Ruth and John Pratt:

John Teel Pratt, Jr., married Christi Tiffany (1)

Elizabeth Woodward Steavens (2)



Harriet Virginia Pratt m. Robert H. Thayer  
Sally Sears Pratt m. James Jackson, Jr.  
Phillis Pratt m. Paul Nitzer  
Edwin Howard Baker Pratt m. Aileen Kelley  
Ruth died in infancy

The following letter from Robert Thayer shows a "Branch"  
interest in Cape Cod "Roots":

"New York, St. Patrick's Day  
1935

"Dear Aunt Harriet.

I have finally obtained definite proof that I am a real Cape Coddler and hasten to let you know so that the next time I come to Dennis I shall be given by the inhabitants thereof the due and proper amenities awarded only to Cape Codders of my station. I enclose my pedigree showing that my ancestors were originally sired by Col. James Otis who lived in Barnstable. I have just come into possession of an original letter of his posted from Barnstable on July 20th, 1751. This will make Bobby eventually the owner of a letter written by his Great-great-great-great-great-grandfather from Cape Cod. Now, am I a member of the family or am I not?

We loved our week-end and hope to come again but I suppose you will be down here to sail before we have a chance. Our best to you both.

BOB"

Col. James Otis of Barnstable

|  
Samuel Allyne Otis  
|  
Harrison Gray Otis  
|  
James William Otis  
|  
William Church Otis  
|  
Violet Otis (my mother)  
|  
Robert H. Thayer

In 1893 I made application to enter Wellesley College after having been out of Dana Hall for two years on account of a serious illness. The following response is self-explanatory.

Wellesley College, March 4, 1893

Dear Miss Baker:

I am glad to say to you that the Board of Examiners at their last meeting voted to receive you as a special student at Wellesley College for the year 1894-95. They did this with the understanding that you make Chemistry your primary elective and English Literature your secondary subject. I think that I ought to state to you that this action is somewhat unusual, and the exception is made, because you are looking forward to the study of medicine and because of the cordial recommendation given you by the principal of Dana Hall.

Cordially yours,

SARAH W. PAUL

Secretary

How differently it all worked out. I was very ill again the winter of 1893 so college that year was out of the question. By March 1895 we were settled in the Putnam Hill House in Greenwich with my health perfectly restored. I was most impatient to begin medical studies but—How?

Dr. Emma Call who had been my physician in Boston was a graduate of the University of Michigan 1874. Her closest friend while there was Eliza Maria Mosher who graduated the following year.

When I went over to Boston to get Dr. Call's advice on where to study, remembering Grandfather Richardson's dictum that I must take my degree from a co-educational university, she at once said: "University of Michigan and as it happens my friend Eliza Mosher goes out there the fall of 1896 to be the first Dean of Women. She, at present, is practicing in Brooklyn."

Back at Greenwich I at once wrote to the Dean of the Medical Department, Dr. Victor C. Vaughn, in regard to entrance requirements with the result that from March 1895 until June 1896 I studied daily in New York, with an Amherst graduate tutor, the pre-medical subjects indicated by Dr. Vaughn. It was an extremely strenuous and exacting schedule, terminating with examinations given by the Regents of the State of New York University. During these months of hard work the only distraction allowed was the opera. My friend, Grace Hearn's mother gave us season tickets for Saturday afternoons. It was



the period of the "Golden Days of Opera" with the de Reszkes, Plançon, Campanari, Emma Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, to name a few—a glorious experience.

Never have I seen it rain harder than on that morning in September 1896 when I alighted from the "Wolverine" in Ann Arbor, having left New York at four-thirty the previous afternoon. Not one person in the city had I ever met—the greeting was given by a group of "hack" drivers anxious to convey students and their luggage to their rooms.

Fifty years ago the students lived in fraternity, sorority or boarding houses. Woe to the student who had neglected to secure a room in advance. The great living halls of today have all been built in the last fifty years. One of the first for women was the Eliza Mosher Hall. This "hen medic", a title one soon learned to ignore, had engaged a room in a former professor's house on Washtenaw Avenue—a desk, pictures and a few favorite lares sent from home soon gave the room a "homey" look, but not till later years did she learn that her landlady had received ten cents a head from the curious, for a peek at an "Eastern girl's room and a medic at that".

An extract from the first letter written from Ann Arbor gives a slight idea of those opening days.

"If my Mother and Father could have seen their eldest this morning and the company she was in, I am sure I do not know what they would have said. At half after nine I went to the Medical Building, went bravely up two flights of stairs to the amphitheatre where all medical students were requested to meet at ten. The amphitheatre has ten tiers of seats for about six hundred students. You never heard such a noise in your life. About one-sixth is reserved for women. Down the ten rows is painted a red line and woe to the man or woman who gets on the wrong side, the men yell: 'Red line! Red line!'

"Ten freshmen had a sorry time, by mistake they took seats in the lowest row reserved for the Seniors. Instantly with a yell they were grabbed by the men nearest them and turned head over heels up to the top row.

"The fun went on until the whole medical faculty entered then there was quiet and many of them spoke a few words to us. I really enjoyed the whole thing immensely——

"I have to make two large aprons for my work in the dissecting room. Mrs. Butler (landlady) has a machine so it will not take long."

This is the list of work of the first semester '96-'97—Osteology, General Chemistry, Bacteriology, General Anatomy, Practical



Anatomy, Qualitative Chemistry—with laboratory work in all the subjects.

Freshman year was crammed with interest and new experiences not only in medical work but in social contacts with all sorts and conditions of men and women—opening up absolutely new vistas of life and living.

My sophomore year was very strenuous. An attack of typhoid fever prevented any college work until the middle of November and all lost work had to be made up before mid-year examinations in the following February or an extra year would be required.

Early in the Junior year a fellow student and I were taken into the "Journal Club"—for advanced work in Pathology under the head of that department, Dr. Alfred Scott Wathin. The student, Fritz Carleton Hyde, and I worked side by side days and sometimes nights with the result that common interests, mutual respect and ambitions soon developed into something far stronger. As I look back on the last two years in medical school with the tremendous amount of technical work required and the stolen hours of pure joy in each others' company, I wonder how we were ever recommended for graduation. June, 1900 we received our degrees of M.D. from the University of Michigan. By this time, with the consent of both sets of parents, we were engaged, with the agreement that for the time being it was to be "kept a secret".

The evening of graduation day June 21, 1900 Fritz went with his parents to their home in Grand Rapids, while I with mine went to Greenwich. New England upbringing would not countenance my being allowed to make a visit to Grand Rapids "before our engagement was announced." Imagine Fritz' and my reaction, how times have changed.

That summer Fritz went to Calumet, Michigan to serve in the hospital of the great Calumet and Hecla Mines; while after a trip to Colorado with Mother, I went into the laboratory of Dr. Ewing in New York to continue research in Pathology.

This was all more than our natures and ambitions could endure so at Thanksgiving time Fritz came East and our engagement was announced.

March 14, 1901 we were married, and started practice in Greenwich in May, 1901.



Children of Harriet Virginia Baker and Fritz Carleton Hyde:

Ruth Virginia married (1st) Peter Lyons Harvie, M.D.

(deceased); (2d) John H. Brelsford (deceased)

Elizabeth married Kenneth Cooke Brownell

Carolyn (deceased) married Roy Wilson Wingate

Fritze Carleton Hyde, Jr. married Betty Cornwall

Grandmother Richardson would end her stories with:

"They lived in peace  
They died in Greece,  
And were buried under  
The mantelpiece."

In this instance the telling of what happened to these two "medicos" must be another story. One of most varied experiences, great happiness and a share of sorrows.

Ruth Pratt and I are blessed with great-grandchildren, our pride knows no bounds. In my belief therein lies our hope of immortality.











